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APRIL MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES 25c

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IN THIS ISSUE

ARTICLES PAGE

Skyraiders 16
The Chaplains Corps 22
A Cotton Tale 42
Tent Camp Today 48
Red K.E.7 MG 53
Retreat, Hell 54
Knife Throwing 56
The Best Things In War 68

POSTS OF THE CORPS

Guantanamo Bay, Cuba 28

SPORTS

Leatherneck Sports 25
Bait Your Hooks 34

FICTION

Run Through The Sun 40

FEATURES

Sound Off 2
Sky Lines 10
Mail Call 11
The Old Gunny Says 13
We—The Marines 43
Dateline—Korea 61
Bulletin Board 71
Casualties 72
Citations and Awards 76
Books Reviewed 79

THE LEATHERNECK, APRIL, 1952

VOLUME XXXV, NUMBER 4

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FAR EASTERN STAFF: MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, SSgt. Curtis W. Jordan and Sgt. Leslie Smith.

SOUND OFF

Edited by
TSgt. Elmer Ill

27 MONTHS

Dear Sir:

I enlisted in the USMCR on April 2, 1951, for an indefinite period and was activated immediately.

I understand that all Reservists are supposed to be out by June, 1952. Do I come under this category or do I have to serve 27 months?

Sincerely yours,
Pfc Thomas L. Ray, USMCR
Marine Barracks, USNTC
Great Lakes, Ill.

● *If you have not been assigned a release category or do not have previous service you will serve 27 months.—Ed.*

FIRST DIVISION PATCH

Dear *Leatherneck:*

We would appreciate your help in telling us what the five stars in the First Marine Division patch meant.

Half of us believe they represent the five major battles of the first during World War II and the other half believes that it represents the Southern Cross.

Sincerely,
Corp. Louis Campbell
Corp. Donald Kreider
H&SCo., 5th Marines
1stMarDiv., FMF
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *The Stars in the First Marine Division patch represent the Southern Cross.—Ed.*

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

AN Easter dedication to the First Marine Division. The design depicts Uriel, Reveler of God's Will and the Archangel of Light. This is one of ten commemorative windows in the Protestant Chapel at Camp Lejeune. Kodachrome by MSgt. H. B. Wells, *Leatherneck* Staff Photographer.

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Old Gold
CIGARETTES
For a Treat instead of a Treatment treat yourself to
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SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 2*]

WERE THEY REGULARS?

Sirs:

I have been reading *Leatherneck* since I enlisted in the Corps and enjoy it very much. My favorite department is "Sound Off" but right now I would like to ask the *Leatherneck* a question. This has come up in our squad quite a few times and no one has been able to get the right answer. The question: were the men who joined the Corps in 1948 for one year active duty period and six-year reserve hitch ever considered as Regulars for that one year active duty? Most of us say no but the men who came in under this law say they were. If they were Regulars why did they carry the USMC-V designation? Your answer would surely set a lot of us straight and put a halt to the arguments over this question.

Sincerely yours,
Corp. R. H. Geisinger
2dOrdBn., 2dMarDiv., FMF
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● *Headquarters Marine Corps says these USMC-V men were considered Regulars for that one-year period. They had the USMC-V designation because of the draft law at that time and this particular mark indicated that they volunteered.—Ed.*

STATE RECRUITING RACE

Dear Ed:

We fellows of Company "I", third battalion, seventh Marines would like to know which three states, in order, have contributed the most men in population to the Marine Corps.

Yours truly,
Pvt. G. W. Pickens, USMC
Co "I", 3dBn, 7th Marines
1stMarDiv., FMF
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *The states leading the population of the Corps race follow in order: (1) New York, (2) California, (3) Pennsylvania, (4) Texas, and (5) Ohio.—Ed.*

SMOKING LAMP

Dear Sir:

Can the smoking lamp be lit while in ranks at the position of rest? Is it legal for the Company Commander to permit troops in formation, standing "at rest", to smoke? If not, why do nine out of ten of them do it?

Corp. A. F. Fargione
Corp. E. T. Giroir
H&SCo., 2d Marines
2dMarDiv., FMF
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● *Actually there isn't any set policy on smoking while "at rest". It is the prerogative of the person in charge of troops to let them smoke. The commands, "Smoking Lamp is lit" or "Smoking Lamp is out" are legal commands and may be given while at the position of rest.—Ed.*

"I got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning!"
Leatherneck Magazine

CORRECTION

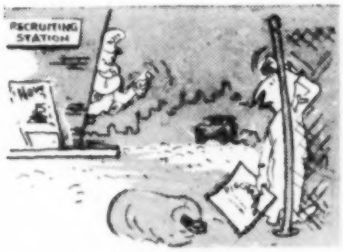
In the February *Leatherneck* this column advised Corporal Phillip P. Rodriguez that his friend could tack on a hashmark for serving 20 months in the Marine Corps and 28 months in the National Guard, a total combined service of four years. We used paragraph 78401 Marine Corps Manual as our authority. We were wrong on two counts: our reference, chapter (78401) and the statement that Corp. Rodriguez's friend was entitled to a hashmark.

The paragraph authorizing service stripes is 49168, Marine Corps Manual and does not mention that National Guard time can be counted toward a service stripe. However, if the corporal's friend can show on his form twenty (Army) that he served 28 months on active duty as a part of a National Guard unit, called for Federal Service, this time would count toward a service stripe. Under these conditions it is considered Army time. Headquarters Marine Corps is looking into this particular portion of the manual in order to clarify Army or Active Federal Service time.—*Ed.*

REENLISTMENT PERIODS

Dear Sir:

The Marine Corps Manual says a Marine can only reenlist for four or six years. But I was told at a local recruiting station that if I was discharged today, I could go there tomor-



row and reenlist for three, four or six years. If that's true, then why couldn't I save myself a few blocks walk and ship over for three years here at the base?

Sincerely yours,
Corp. C. B. Haley, Jr.
MB, NOC, PS.

Keyport, Wash.

● *According to advance change letter Number 1 to Change 4 of the Marine Corps Manual, applicants may reenlist for three, four or six years. This change came out about two months ago. You should be able to reenlist at your base.* —*Ed.*

TURN PAGE

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

BOB HOPE AT INCHON

Dear Sir:

A little discussion has come up among a group of Marines here at Ordnance Battalion. Some say that Bob Hope was at Inchon, Korea, waiting for the Marines to make their amphibious landing.

I myself believe that he was at Wonsan at the time of the Inchon landing and then made his appearance there (Inchon) after the city was cleared.

Since I was not there myself, I ask you to send me the correct information on the above discussion. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Corp. Vernon Krahmer
MaintCo., 1stOrdBn.
1stMarDiv., FMF
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *Wonsan was secured after Inchon, so it isn't very likely Bob Hope would have cared to be at Wonsan before the Marines secured it. That would have placed him between opposing fields of fire. We asked a lot of people here at Headquarters who were there (Inchon) and they don't remember being greeted by Bob Hope as they hit the beach. The only place you could get the real scoop is from Mr. Hope. Write to him.—Ed.*

PRECEDENCE NUMBERS

Sir:

It would be appreciated if you would inform me how the precedence numbers on warrants are computed. The main question is what bearing, if any, the MOS has in arriving at the number.

Also are there senior fields? For example; line senior to cook, etc.

Thank you,
SSgt. Bruce Sherman
American Embassy
Madrid, Spain

● *Precedence numbers on warrants are computed by seniority of present rank. If there is a tie in that rank, they go on to the rank before that and so on down the line. Precedence numbers have meaning only in that functional field in which the man is promoted.*

Headquarters Marine Corps says: "No particular field is considered as senior. A man's date of rank is his only seniority feature".—Ed.

NAVY TIME

Dear Sirs:

I would appreciate some information pertaining to paragraph 9358 Marine Corps Manual. It states that all active duty will be counted in computing a Marine's composite score, it does not indicate whether this is only Marine Corps time. I have 33 months active duty in the U. S. Navy. Can this time be counted in computing my composite score?

Corp. James Mattingly
Service Co., T&R Comd.
Camp Joseph H. Pendleton
Oceanside, Calif.

● *Navy time can be counted.—Ed.*

STAFF NCO CLUB MEMBERS

Dear Sir:

While completing the PLC Senior Course at Quantico last summer, three of us got into a friendly argument about the status of Staff NCO Clubs.

A buddy and I said that Staff NCO Clubs were for Staff Sergeants and above. The other fellow claimed they were for all enlisted men. He backed his statement with the fact that it was

the case at the Naval Base where he was stationed while in the regulars. I came back with, "it was the case at Camp Lejeune to have Staff Sergeants and above as members of the Staff Club." The size of the base or camp may be the deciding factor in this argument. We would appreciate the correct dope.

Yours truly,
Thomas M. Grimes
Box 172
East Tennessee State College
Johnson City, Tenn.

● *Paragraph 19350 of the Marine Corps Manual states that membership in a Staff NCO club is restricted to the first three pay grades of the regular Marine Corps, the first three pay grades of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty, equivalent ranks of the Marine Corps Band and qualified active duty personnel of other branches of the U.S. Armed Forces attached to the command which the club serves. Guest membership to Staff Clubs may be extended to eligible NCOs of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve and eligible NCOs on the retired list. Other ranks of the Marine Corps may be members of the Enlisted Club. The size of the base has nothing to do with the membership.—Ed.*

TURN PAGE

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GRIFFIN

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

PURPLE HEART

Dear Ed:

This is the first occasion I've had for writing, but I think the question I want you to settle warrants it.

I've heard the question argued a dozen times since arriving back in the States, so am curious about the straight scoop.

Question: Do men who suffered frostbite from operations in Korea and who were hospitalized for same, rate the Purple Heart?

Those of us discussing this question are familiar with not a few cases of men who were awarded the medal of frostbite, while many others never were.

Where is the line drawn? Wasn't the first Purple Heart Medal, awarded by General Washington, given for frostbite?

Sgt. George McHenry
Commandant's Headquarters
Marine Corps Schools
Quantico, Virginia

● *You are right about the Purple Heart being awarded to men suffering frostbite in the early part of the Korean fracas. However, AlNav 28 of March 27, 1951, stopped these awards. The AlNav is quoted in part herewith: "frostbite is not to be considered as a qualification for the Purple Heart Medal."*

The first Purple Heart awarded by General Washington was not for frostbite. The award was established by Washington on August 7, 1782, at his headquarters in Newburg, New York, for any singular action of valor. It was the first medal authorized for wear by enlisted men. On this same date he awarded the medal to three men: Sgt. Daniel Bissel, Sgt. Daniel Brown and Sgt. Elizah Churchill. All were members of Connecticut Regiments.

In 1932, in honor of the Washington Bi-Centennial, President Hoover revived the award of the Purple Heart Medal in its present form.

Members of the AEF of World War I were not authorized to receive the

"A corporal is a man who knows much about little and daily learns more and more about less and less until finally he knows everything about nothing . . . then they make him sergeant"

Leatherneck Magazine

medal until 13 years after the Armistice and then only by applying personally as authorized by Army Circular 6 of 1932. To be eligible, men of World War I must have been awarded, by the Commander in Chief of the AEF, a U.S. Meritorious Service Citation Certificate or be authorized to wear wound chevrons. At that time it was not necessary to have been wounded in combat to be eligible for the Purple Heart Medal.—Ed.

TROPICAL WORSTED UNIFORMS

Dear Sound Off:

I have been trying to get some straight dope for a long while and figured that you could do the job for me and a lot of other ex-Reserves.

Recently new type summer service uniforms were brought into being by the Corps along with other uniform changes, including (at long last) a raincoat. With these changes came an order, the number of which escapes me, that all persons enlisting after July 1, 1951, would be issued the summer service "Tropicals" but that all other persons must have in their possession two sets of this uniform by January 1, 1952.

Question: Do Reserves who have integrated into the Regulars have to purchase these uniforms or will they be issued to us?

Question: If these uniforms must be bought, where and how much? I have as yet to find any civilian tailors who have them, or who can comply with regulations.

Sgt. L. A. Vaughan, Jr.
246 Broadway

New York, N. Y.

● *Marine Corps Memorandum 66-51 says that it is "contemplated" that each member of the Marine Corps will have in his possession two sets of the "Tropical Worsted Uniforms" by July 1, 1952, depending upon the availability of the uniform.*

Reserves, when integrating into the Regulars are issued, on an in-kind basis, enough khaki uniforms (regular cotton khaki) to bring them up to the required allowance. These uniforms are still an authorized item for wear. When the Tropical Uniform becomes available and the ex-Reserve finds it necessary to replace three of the old khaki uniforms, he will be required to purchase two sets of the Tropicals out of his monetary allowance. Each Supply Department will be furnished with these uniforms when they are available. The cost will be about $14.00 per set.

Marine Corps Memorandum 18-51 of February 21, 1951, authorized the purchase of Tropicals, conforming to regulations, as an optional purchase item for wear on liberty or in offices.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)

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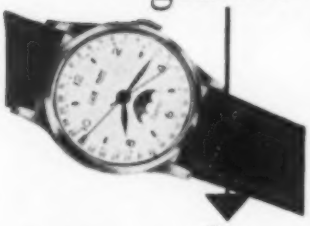

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Sky lines

Edited by Sgt. John P. McConnell

Consolidated Vultee's jet-augmented B-36D is capable of speeds in excess of 435 miles per hour at altitudes of 8 miles and more above the earth. Jet output brings its horsepower up to more than 44,000

Lockheed recently launched its first production operations at "Jetville, U.S.A.", a section of desert land destined to become a world center of jet aviation, at Palmdale, California.

* * *

When a group of Camp Pendleton Marines, training at the cold weather base at Pickel Meadows, became snowbound, El Toro flyers used the new mono-rail system for emergency drops, supplying 300 pounds of much-needed medical supplies.

* * *

Leroy R. Grumman has received the 1951 Honorary American Fellowship awarded by the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences. It is given each year to one American and one resident of a foreign country whose preeminence in the field of aeronautics qualifies them for this distinction. Grumman is Chairman of the Board of Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation of Bethpage, New York.

* * *

The first production model of the Chance Vought AU-1 Corsair, a propeller-driven, attack-type ship designed for close support of ground troops, has made its initial flight. Similar in external appearance to the F4U Corsair, the AU-1 Corsair is powered by a single-stage engine. Additional armor plating has been provided to protect the pilot from ground fire, and many other internal changes have been made. The Corsair is the only propeller-driven fighter still in production in the U.S.

The R4Q "Packet" is replacing the older R5C "Commando" in VMF-253 at El Toro. Designed as a combat cargo aircraft, the "Packet" has the same cargo space as the military boxcar. Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Doyle, squadron CO, flew the first ship to El Toro from the factory at Hagerstown, Maryland.

* * *

Flight training classes for Coast Guard Reserve officers are now underway at NAS, Pensacola, Florida. The classes are for 15 months duration. They will be required to serve four years after completion of the course unless sooner released by the Coast Guard Commandant.

* * *

Beech Aircraft Corporation has begun modernizing 83 C18S Beechcrafts of the Royal Canadian Air Force. The twin-engine airplanes are to be brought up to date to the latest D18S configuration.

* * *

Another assault on the world's altitude record for single-stage rockets will be made this spring by a Navy Martin Viking. The present world mark, established by Viking No. 7 last August at the White Sands Proving Ground, Las Cruces, New Mexico, is 135 miles. This is 21 miles greater than the previous record set by a German V-2. The next attempt is expected to better the present mark by many miles. Greater in diameter than its predecessors, the Navy Martin Viking will also carry considerably more fuel (liquid oxygen and alcohol).

Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of such letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

Mrs. James R. Weber, C/O Eberhart's Trailer Court, Shelbyville, Ind., wishes to hear from former Marine Philip A. Schrum or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Former Marine Charlie A. Stowall, 228 E. Circuit Dr., Beaumont, Tex., would like to contact Corp. Roscoe Richards or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. A. J. Martin, Jr., M.A.D., N.A.T.-T.C., Bks. 571, Jacksonville, Fla., wishes to contact Pfc W. A. McLean, J. Keane, W. R. Holmes, F. C. Simkus and J. T. Pagliarulo.

* * *

Mrs. James Forbes, 1334 5th St., Nevada, Iowa, wishes to contact anyone who served with her son, Pfc Ronald W. Forbes, "B" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed in Korea Nov. 29, 1950.

* * *

Former Marine Corp. Bernie Flemming, 551 Prospect, C/O Postmaster, Laurence Harbor, N. J., wishes to hear from Corp. James Citta, also any buddies who served with him in "A" Co., 5th Marines, on Guam in 1947-1948; "B" Co., 9th Marines, in Tsingtaou and Shanghai in 1948-1949; and "C" Co. 3rd Marines at Shanghai.

* * *

Mrs. Annie Lee Bowman, Box 34, Van, Tex., wishes to hear from anyone who served with her son, Pfc Richard M. (Dickey) Bowman, "D" Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed in Korea Sept. 24, 1950.

* * *

Pfc Glenn Snodgrass, Maint. Co., 1st Cmbt. Ser. Grp., S. C., FMF, C/O FPO San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from buddies of Plat. 4, Jan., 1949, and those he served with at M.B., N.B., USN Receiving Station, Long Beach, Calif., in 1949-50.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)

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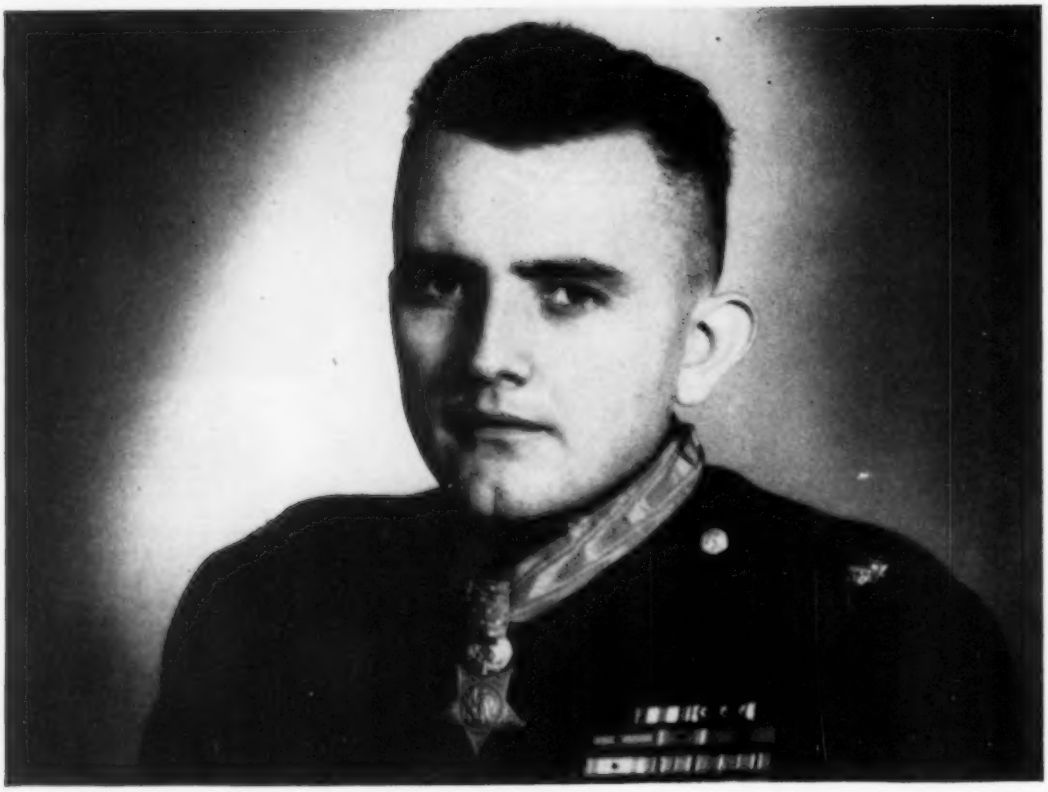

Major Carl L. Sitter, USMC Medal of Honor

THE HILL WAS STEEP, snow-covered, 600 feet high. Red-held, it cut our lifeline route from Hagan-ri to the sea; it had to be in our hands.

Up its 45-degree face, Major Sitter led his handful of freezing, weary men—a company against a regiment! The hill blazed with enemy fire. Grenade fragments wounded the major's face, chest, and arms. But he continued heading the attack, exposing himself constantly to death, inspiring his men by his personal courage. After 36 furious hours the hill was won, the route to the sea secured. Major Sitter says:

"Fighting the Commies in Korea has taught me one thing—in today's world, *peace is only for the strong!* The men and women of America's armed forces are building that strength right now. But we need your help—and one of the best ways you can help us is by buying United States Defense Bonds.

"So buy Defense Bonds—and more Defense Bonds—starting *right now*. If you at home, and we in the service, can make America stronger *together*, we'll have the peace that we're all working for!"

* * *

Remember, when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy Defense Bonds now!

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THE OLD GUNNY SAYS . . .

"THE smokin' lamp is lit men—I want to talk to you a few minutes about your appearance in these utility clothes.

"You know, back in 1941, when this clothing first appeared in the Corps, it replaced the old blue cover-alls that were worn on the range and on working parties—but by Guadalcanal time the utilities had become our field uniform because they were better camouflage than the old khaki. Since those days these here utility clothes are worn in most outfits more than any other Marine uniform. But the point is: hardly anybody treats them like a uniform or wears them like a uniform.

"You guys are in utilities about five days a week—and you look crumby about five days a week. Then you put on a liberty uniform for a few hours and strut around lookin' like Marines. Why ain't you sharp lookin' all the time? Because you think a baggy old utility outfit is a good excuse for slouching around like a sad sack, eh?

"Well, I'll admit the utilities do not have a fancy, neat cut to them—but until we get something better, we gotta make the best of this clothing. That's what I want'a talk to you about now—how I want you to sharpen up in them utilities.

"First, them caps; look at 'em! Sittin' up on your heads like peanuts. Two sizes too small. Next time you draw a cap get a big one and shrink it down to fit. And square 'em away! No one is interested in seeing your pretty curls stickin' out in front. And turn them visors down. You ain't jockeys—or are you? Some of you people think it's salty to wear a frayed, soiled, beat-up cap. Not in this outfit.

"Now the coat. Keep it buttoned properly. When the buttons come off, sew on new ones. There was a time in this Corps when men knew how to repair their own clothing. Most of you characters probably think mother should do it. And I'd like to clobber the first guy that scrawled his name and home town on the back of his coat. Whoever heard of writing on a uniform? It looks crumby! That coat always looks better when it's tucked inside your trousers.

"Now the trousers. Look at 'em! They're either too long or too short. You wear them rolled up—or with half your hairy legs showing. What could be more unmilitary? Get them long, then turn them up and sew them at the proper length. When you wear them with boots or leggins, blouse them over a couple of inches like Uniform Regs say. A good trick is to tuck them under a rubber band. It makes a neat blouse. And when your pants get torn, mend them.

"Also, those boondockers. Lace them to the top. If you were supposed to wear bedroom slippers the Corps would issue some to you.

"I was in a 'hot' organization once where we starched and pressed our utilities. They looked pretty good. Most Stateside outfits could do it.

"As long as you men are going to spend most of your Marine Corps time wearing these utilities, you should treat them like any other uniform and try to look good in them. It can be done—and I'm going to see to it.

"Any questions?" **END**

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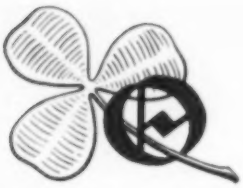

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MAIL CALL

[*continued from page 11*]

Pfc James E. Larkin, E. 8719 Maringo, Spokane, Wash., would like to hear from 2nd Lt. Nickolas D. Arkadis, Pfc William A. Helegeson or any others who served in "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Marines.

* * *

Mrs. William Bouquin, 203 French Rd., Utica, N. Y., wishes to contact anyone who served with her son, Pfc W. A. (Red) Bouquin, "B" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed in action Nov,, 28, 1950.

* * *

Sgt. Donald G. Penovi, Marine Barracks, N.A.D., Hingham, Mass., wishes to contact Sgt. James T. Holiday with whom he served in the 7th Marines.

* * *

Sgt. R. K. Kanorian, Marine Barracks, 8th and Eye Sts., S.E., Washington 3, D.C., would like to hear from Corp. Frank Rudon, who was last known to be serving with the 5th Marines.

* * *

William H. Thornton, 1805 W. 16th St., N. Little Rock, Ark., would like to hear from Corp. Henry B. Portillo or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

* * *

Pfc J. F. Pineda, "A" Co., 1st Bn., 2nd Inf. Trng. Regt., T&R Command, Camp J. H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., wishes to hear from his former San Diego DI, Sgt. B. D. Losey.

Pfc Kenneth N. McLenmore, H&H Co., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., C/O FPO, San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Pfc Marvin Paxton, former Parris Island drill instructor.

* * *

SSgt. Robert S. Gray, MD, USNRC, NB, Portsmouth, N.H., wishes to contact former SSgt. W. H. Burkleo of Long Beach, Calif., and former Corp. Joseph J. Gordon of Washington, Penna.

* * *

Mrs. Alice Rush, 704 N. Mayflower Rd., South Bend, Ind., would like to hear from anyone who served with her son, Corp. John E. Rush, reported missing in action while serving with "I" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div. on Dec. 2, 1950.

* * *

Myrtle Pineman, 137-28 168th St., Jamaica 5, N. Y., wishes to hear from Sgt. George Matthews who was a patient at St. Albans Naval Hospital in 1944.

* * *

Former Marine Jack Joseph, 5924 Highland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., would like to hear from any of his WW II buddies.

* * *

Miss Juanita Thompson, Route #4, Huntsville, Tex., wishes to hear from Pfcs Jarvis Stanley and Richard (Dick) Alton.

* * *

R. W. Grote, 1331 S. Cornelia St., Sioux City, Iowa, wishes to contact Capt. Robert A. Stufay or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. James H. Stamey, Ser. Co., H&S Bn., M.B., Camp Lejeune, N.C., would like to contact SSgt. William Frey and Corp. Jimmy Puckett with whom he served in Korea.

"You shoot him — I just cleaned my rifle"

Leatherneck Magazine

Jim Bragwell, 4416 Magnolia, Apt. 108, Chicago, Ill., wishes to hear from SSgt. G. K. Gray who was formerly stationed at Cherry Point, N.C.

* * *

Reserve SSgt. Alfred R. Taylor, 217 Jackson Circle, U. of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C., wishes to hear from Sgt. Nodier. They served together on Guam in 1949-50.

* * *

Former Marine Milburn C. Creecy, 512 S. Waccamaw Ave., Columbia, S.C., wishes to hear from former buddies. He went to Boot camp at Parris Island with Plat. 896 under DI Corp. Horowitz in 1925. He also served with the 1st Provisional Brigade in Port au Prince, Haiti during 1926-27.

* * *

Former Marine Donald Brizic, BM3, Commander Carrier Div. Two, USS *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, CVB-42, C/O FPO N.Y., N.Y., would like to hear from buddies he served with on the USS *Leyte* from 1946 to 1948 and those of "C" Co., 3rd Marines in Tsingtao and California.

* * *

Sgt. Robert G. Schnepp, 2935 G. Adams St., Wilmington, N.C., would like to hear from Pfc Jack H. Nash of Missoula, Mont., or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

* * *

Ruth Hahn Cooney, 726 2nd Ave., South, Ft. Dodge, Iowa, would appreciate hearing from former friends of the late TSgt. William R. Hahn.

* * *

Miss Sharon De Bots, age 10, 28054 John Drive, Roseville, Mich., would like to hear from Marine stamp collectors.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Foster, 4926 Gunley Ave., Dallas, Tex., would like to hear from anyone who served with Pfc Charlie Narment, Wpns. Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed June 9, 1951.

* * *

Mrs. John D. Jordan, Sr., Box 19, Votaw, Tex., would like to hear from a Marine named Johnson, believed to be with her son, Pfc John D. Jordan, Jr., when he was reported killed Dec. 2, 1950, on the Udam-ni hill near the Chosin Reservoir. Both served with "I" Co., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

* * *

Mrs. J. L. Munson, Jr., 2831 Wellington St., Richmond, Va., would like to hear from anyone who was with her son, Pfc Dave L. Munson, "C" Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., when he was reported killed Oct. 16, 1951 in Korea.

* * *

Former Marine Frank Clark, 933 Jefferson, Indianapolis, Ind., wishes to contact Sgt. Frank Gentile, with whom he served in Korea.

* * *

Mrs. A. L. Cain, RFD #4, Box #228, Charleston, W. Va., would like to hear from anyone who served with her son, Pfc James E. Cain, 1st Plat., "D" Co., 2nd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed Oct. 26, 1951, in Korea.

Pfc Keith H. Heilman, 2nd Plat., "F" Co., 2nd Bn., 3rd Marines, 3rd Mar. Brig., Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., wishes to contact Pfc Jack Bracker of Minneapolis, Minn., or anyone knowing his present whereabouts.

* * *

Mrs. Ernest J. Umbaugh, 917 S. 8th Ave., Marshalltown, Iowa, would like to contact anyone who served with her husband, SSgt. Ernest J. Umbaugh, "A" Co., 1st Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed Dec. 9, 1950, in Korea.

* * *

SSgt. Reuben T. Rountree, USMC Recruiting Station, Room 201A, Post Office Bldg., Waco, Tex., wishes to hear from anyone who served in "B" Co., 8th Marines, 2nd Mar. Div., from Nov., 1941, to 1945, especially Lt. John B. Murdock.

* * *

Retired Plat. Sgt. Oliver Romuld, 2801 Stevens Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn., would like to hear from retired Marine Frank "Dutch" Miller or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie H. Davis, 2520 Geddes Ave., Decatur 51, Ill., wish to contact anyone who served with their son, Pfc Donald D. Davis, Anglico, 1st Sig. Bn., 1st Mar. Div., who died of wounds Oct. 4, 1951.

* * *

SSgt. Victor R. Behlke, USMC Recruiting Office, Clayton, Mo., requests that Marine Russell B. Corey, 609216, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, contact him.

* * *

Corp. Joseph De Sue, Eng. Maint. Co., 1st Com. Ser. Grp., FMF, C/O FPO, San Francisco, Calif., wishes to contact Marine Garcia, or Woods, of Starke, Fla., who enlisted in Sept., 1946.

* * *

Raymond J. Tiburski, HM1, USN, NAD, Unit 2, Navy 66, C/O FPO, San Francisco, Calif., wishes to contact TSgt. "Digger" Darling, formerly with Graves Registration, 5th Marines, in Korea.

* * *

Former Marine Corp. George D. Wigle, 17134 Oakfield, Detroit 35, Mich., would like to hear from Corps buddies Robert G. Kass, Chicago, Ill., and Dominic E. Fritz, St. Paul, Minn., or anyone knowing their present addresses.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 73)

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Skyraiders

by MSgt. Fred G. Breitsch, Jr.
Leatherneck Staff Writer

A FLIGHT of heavily-loaded Marine Skyraiders, flying north of the Korean Punch Bowl on Christmas Eve, picked up a call for help from a Marine forward air controller. In desperation he was asking for close air support. Two Marine battalions had been under fire from Communist guns and mortars for three days and the situation was beginning to look grim. Would the Skyraiders take the Reds off their backs?

Captain Harvey D. Cook, leading four Douglas AD Skyraiders, replied in the affirmative. Sure, he'd be glad to help. Just lead them in. His flight had been looking for a fat target for their heavily armed planes and this objective was tailor-made.

The voice of the air controller, First Lieutenant Tim Kean, boomed into Cook's earphones: "Red bunkers, trenches and troops. I'll lead you in . . ." Kean was grateful that Skyraiders were answering his call; he knew what the big planes could do with their heavy loads.

He directed the flight onto the target. One by one, the planes made their runs. They dumped their bombs, fired rockets, and then finished up with bursts of 20-mm. cannon fire. Kean, generally a calm man, was excited by the Skyraiders' show. He called off every explosion like a football announcer. When the planes were through working over the target area, Kean called out their score. It was a brass ringer; 100 percent coverage on target area and ordnance. All bombs and rockets had landed in the target area and had exploded. The Red emplacements had been silenced.

Later, when the day's strike reports were analyzed, the Skyraider flight was credited with a perfect hop; the controller had done one of the best jobs of controlling on record.

The Christmas Eve flight of the Skyraiders was another link in the chain of deadly efficiency being forged by Marine Attack Squadron-121 since its arrival in Korea last October. In the short time that 121 has been in action, its big planes' bomb loads have been felt on both sides of the line. United Nations troops more than welcome the arrival of the heavily-loaded Skyraiders. Time and again, the Skyraider has pulled the Reds off their backs. The Reds must be vehemently cursing the weight of the plane's tremendous bomb load as it smashes and batters them.

The Douglas AD Skyraider is a fantastic plane, with speed slightly above that of a Corsair. The AD carries a heavier bomb load than a twin-engined A-26—and it does it on one engine! This is the first time the Skyraider has been land-based in Korea and it's proving just as valuable on land as it did on carriers off Korea.

The Skyraider, designed as a close air support aircraft, has also proved an excellent interdiction plane—both equally important in the Korean fight. Besides mauling Red troops on the line, the AD has torn up North Korean railroads and left gapping holes in Communist air fields—and it carries enough gas to stay around long enough to make sure that it has done the job well.

Recently, 121 was given a stretch of railroad track between Haeju and Yonan, North Korea to decommission. For two days the squadron dumped bombs on the target. When photo reconnaissance planes filmed the track they found that 121 had cut the rails in 23 places and the impact of its bombs had so weakened the road bed that the Reds gave up trying to repair the section. Other squadrons had tried to knock out this same track for weeks, but it took 121's deadly touch to finish it off.

Supply dumps are another favorite target of the Skyraiders. They pick them five to ten miles behind enemy

TURN PAGE

Blistering punches on enemy troops and ground installations are being unloaded daily by big planes of this comparatively new outfit whose fine support is in steady demand by forward air controllers

Mission over, Lt. Col. Phillip B. May, VMA-121's skipper, (right) talks over the strike. Final verdict: "We gave 'em utter devastation"

lines so the damage will be felt quickly. An Air Force "Mosquito" (a small lightly-armed plane) leads them onto the target. The "Mosquito" pilot marks the target by firing his guns into it. Then the Skyraiders take over. Individually, they make six to eight passes at the target leaving destruction in their wake.

The arrival of the Skyraiders over a target area is a welcome sight to an air controller, especially when the flight leader announces the planes' bomb loads. More than likely, the controller will question the pay load. It's hard for the FAC to believe that so few planes can be carrying so much ordnance. The Skyraiders' strike reports are just as unbelievable. Recently eight ADs returned from an attack on Sariwon air field. They reported that 25 bombs had landed in the target area.

TSgt. Earl Johnson supervises the labor of some Korean cannon cockers. Lack of T/O ordnancemen requires employment of natives

VMA 121

The 121 emblem is Capp's Wolf Gal mounted on an HE chariot

Headquarters wouldn't buy the report so they sent a photo plane to check the field. Photo interpreters proved that 121's report was extremely modest. The eight plane strike had cut the runways 56 times and had damaged other airfield installations. Sariwon airfield, believed to have been the base for Red planes that attack Seoul at night, was later abandoned.

Marine Attack Squadron-121 is the first Marine Reserve squadron to go into the Korean fight. The squadron's home base is Glenview, Ill., but it is staffed by Marine Reserve personnel from the Naval Air Stations, Glenview, Ill., and Grosse Isle, Detroit, Mich. Its only Regulars are its commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Phillip B. May and a handful of officers and enlisted men.

Although it's a Yankee squadron, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy and the Lone Star flag of Texas fly over its command post. Its war cry is the rebel yell shrieked in true Dixie style. The squadron has somehow acquired its share of Texans. Many of the sons of the Lone Star state found their way across the Mason-Dixon line to join the "Damyankee" plane pushers.

The attack unit arrived in Korea October 19, 1951, and was committed to action early in November. Its first days in combat were hampered by the fact that much of its heavy equipment had not arrived from the States. Aircraft maintenance was done by hand but 121 met its commitments without complaint.

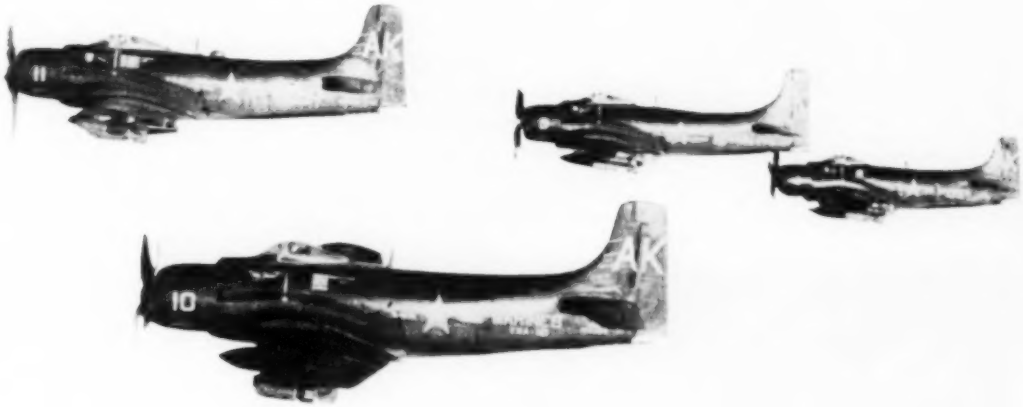
VMA 121's first target was a close air support mission against enemy troops and bunkers near the Hwachon reservoir. Major Edward B. Harrison, 121's exec, isn't likely to forget that day. While on his third run, a 50 caliber slug tore out one of his oil lines. The Skyraider immediately lost oil pressure, death to an aircraft engine. Radioing that he was hit, Harrison headed for friendly lines. Major Carl Smith, flying a Corsair, joined on the major and followed him back. Over friendly country, Harrison set his Skyraider down on a river. He was too low to bail out. An Army duck, hauling supplies to the Eighth ROK division, picked Harrison up and put him ashore at the ROK CP. Later, a Marine helicopter retrieved the major. He had gone down a little after noon and by 1730 that night he was back with his squadron mates. The squadron had lost its first plane that day but the pilot was ready to go again —determined to make the Reds pay for the loss.

Skipper May is amazed at the Skyraiders' durability. "It can take bad hits and still carry the pilot to safety," he claims. The colonel was flying behind Captain Joseph Clune during a strike against rail lines near Wonsan when Clune's plane took a hit between two cylinders. The engine began smoking, throwing parts and clanking like bolts thrown into a washing machine. May joined up with Clune and herded him back to an emergency field. "I still don't know how that engine stayed together," declared the colonel in amazement. "We can be thankful that we fly a damned good plane."

Colonel May is enthusiastic about the Skyraider. "It's an excellent plane

for the operations we're carrying on in Korea," he said. "It's the first time that the Navy and the Marines have used a plane particularly designed for close air support work. With this plane, we can fulfill Marine aviation's role to support troops on the ground. We had been using planes designed for other type work than close air support, and they haven't always proved suitable. The AD was built strictly for close air support work. You can't do a damned thing behind enemy lines unless you have a plane that can carry a big load and get down to the ground and deliver it, and have enough speed and maneuverability to get out and come back again. "This plane has that!"

Most of the enlisted men who work on the big planes think the Skyraider is tops. Aircraft mechanic, Staff Sergeant Bedford Brown, is one of the



men who keep the big birds flying. He tackles repair and maintenance jobs in the freezing Korean cold. "The Skyraider is a pilot's dream," he claims, "but it gives us mechanics a few bad hours." He's biased about the present day aircraft though, and lets you know it. "I'm waiting for the day they build a plane for the mechanics," he says hopefully.

Keeping aircraft flying in the Korean winter is a nightmare. Not only do the men have to fight the bitter cold trying to arm and repair the Skyraiders, but the planes themselves need special care. Early morning is the plane captain's headache. He's got to heat the engine before it will start. Putting a plane to bed at night is like tucking in a newborn babe. Heavy quilted covers are put over the engines. The hydraulic and ignition system must also be protected from the freezing temperatures. In the morning, the engine, hydraulic and ignition systems must be preheated. The plane captains of the first morning flights climb out of their sacks at 0330 and start the preheaters. The preheater is a gasoline-operated rig which pipes hot air through special ducts into the planes' vitals.

In order to keep mechanics as comfortable as possible while they tackle the big repair jobs, 121 had special nose hangars built. The plane is pushed up to the hangar with the nose protruding inside the canvas-covered workshop. Preheaters are used to keep the nose hangars warm. By giving the "mecs" a warm place to work," declares Master Sergeant Carl W. Beck, the engineering line chief, "they can put in a full day's work without danger of frostbite." CWO Howard Holden, the squadron's assistant engineering officer, drew the plans for the nose hangars when the regular type proved unsuitable for the Skyraider. He designed a wooden frame with a base in concrete. Old canvas tents are spread over the frame.

"Gunner" Holden thinks his mechanics are the best group of men that he has worked with. "They have excellent spirit," he said. "They are proud of the fine record the squadron is setting." Holden explained why it was necessary to preheat the Skyraider. "Hot engines during the day and cold air at night form moisture inside the engines. It really fouls the ignition system. The planes just won't come to life until we get rid of this dampness. At present, preheating is the only answer to the problem."

Like most Marine squadrons, VMA 121 allows its plane captains to name their planes. A name makes a plane something personal, sets it off from the flock. Names like: "I'll Take You Home Again", "Lady Luck", "Chi Town Jack", and "Nancy O", are stenciled on the Skyraiders. "Kit Ann Curse" was a compromise by two plane captains; they used both their girl's names to adorn their plane. "Nancy O" was the

TURN PAGE

combination of Pfc Anthony Chiarugi's girl friend's name and a character from "Little Abner."

With the bomb load carried by 121 a big ordnance crew would seem to be in order, but not with 121. It has a standard fighter squadron's ordnance section. It could use additional men but somehow, when plans for a VMA squadron were drafted someone overlooked a major point: the fact that twice as much ordnance work is necessary here as in a standard fighter squadron. To keep its commitments, 121 is using Koreans in its "Cannon Cocking" department. "The Koreans are pretty sharp" claims Master Sergeant Aaron "Pat" Crawford, 121's ordnance chief. "In fact", he says, "they probably pull more gun checks than his Marine crew does." The Koreans are used in the ordnance shop and the bomb dump. The 27 Koreans on 121's payroll were trained by the Skyraider unit. Before they went to work for 121 the only end of a bomb they probably had seen was the front end of a Red bomb hurtling down at them. This is a new approach to weapons for them and they have adapted themselves to it with a great deal of willingness.

The aerial wallop packed by one of VMA-121's Skyraiders is laid out on a Korean tarmac. Planes can tote two "Tiny Tims" as well

Captain William L. Kokenes, the squadron ordnance officer, likes to place credit where it is due. "We have the best ordnance gang in the wing," he compliments, "and that's not bragging." His squadron is strictly out of the light and medium bomber class. Kokenes has records to back up his statement. The Skyraider hauls the largest load ever carried by a single-engined aircraft and, it can deliver it cheaper than any multi-engined ship. The AD will carry better than 9000 pounds of ordnance without strain on its engine. With its full load it still uses up less runway than many fighter planes.

When the squadron arrived in Korea, the ordnance gang was really behind the eightball. All of their heavy equipment hadn't caught up with them, so they were forced to do most of the work by hand. To top that, they were extremely shorthanded because of the TO strength for the department. They put in 12 to 16 hours a day with no let up. Now that they have the Koreans the burden is a trifle lighter.

Before and after a strike, the pilots generally meet in the line shack. They'll talk over the planes' performances with the plane captains or get the last word on the target to be hit. The availability of the squadron's aircraft is posted on a board along with other advice and warnings to the airmen. *The advice:* "Do a little more than you are being paid for and soon you'll be paid for more than you do." *The warnings:* "Aviation in itself is not inherently dangerous, but like the sea, it is terribly unforgiving of any carelessness or neglect," and "Be alert today and alive tomorrow!"

Marine Attack Squadron 121 has been in Korea only a short time but in its brief span of operations, it has become one of the best known squadrons. Its support is highly desired by forward air controllers. The Skyraider is a Marine's plane loaded with plenty of power and punch. Sgt. Hartley Koch, a 121 mechanic says, "The Skyraider gives them both barrels."

The hard charging ordnancemen of VMA-121 suit up a Skyraider for another strike. Planes haul more HE than twin-engined A-26 bombers

During icy winter months Skyraiders get daily defrosting by plane crews

Like any other Marine unit, the Rebs and Texans display colors

Line crew labors a Skyraider out of a nose hangar after a repair job. It takes considerable beef to push this giant single engine craft

END

Romp and stomp for the padres by a Marine drill instructor

THE *Chaplains* CORPS

by Lieutenant Claude R. Lewis

FAITH is a mighty important word to a Marine faced with the reality of combat. Military training and confidence in his weapon and in his fellow Marines help on the physical side. But a fourth aid is just as important to many—the presence of an old friend and confidant, the Navy chaplain.

Chaplains have been providing front line spiritual guidance and solace ever since there has been a Navy—ever since Edward Brooks received his commission as a chaplain in 1777. Since the Marine Corps has no chaplain corps of its own, its personnel has always been included within the Navy chaplains' ministry.

The earliest discovered reference to any extensive work by Navy chaplains directly for Marines appeared in a letter of December 4, 1862, in which Chaplain C. S. Stewart wrote to a friend describing his activities with the Marines at the New York Navy Yard Hospital.

When Chaplain J. F. Fleming was assigned to duty in the summer of 1912, he became the first chaplain to have exclusive duty with the Marines. He served on board the *California* when the Marines were sent to Nicaragua.

The first full-time duty assignment with Marines went to Chaplain Bower R. Patrick when he was ordered to the Marine Expeditionary Force of the Atlantic Fleet in April, 1914.

Establishment of a Marine Base at San Diego just prior to America's entry into World War I saw the second Navy chaplain assigned full-time duty with Marines. He was Leroy N. Taylor who served with the Fourth Marine Regiment from August, 1915, to December, 1916. The chaplain accompanied the regiment to Santo Domingo in 1916 and distinguished himself in an engagement in which the Marines took part. For his actions as an ambulance driver and his courage in advancing through fire-swept fight zones he was presented with the Letter of Commendation by the Navy Department.

The colorful history of the Naval chaplaincy is also the story of religion in the Navy and Marine Corps. From the day when unordained men could be appointed a chaplain for the duration of a ship's cruise, to the time when the Chaplain's Corps came into its own with a chief and with high standards governing the selection of its members, they have met the challenge of the chaplaincy. At the same time they have waged a fight against odds to win equality with the members of other corps, and for years labored under discriminations regarding pay, uniform regulations and working conditions.

The chaplains did not fight for betterment of their corps to the exclusion of the men's welfare. Religious ministrations came first. Their consideration for the welfare of their men brought growing respect to the corps and many of their members were responsible for a number of "firsts" in the Navy. Some of their innovations won plaudits from their men, others brought forth no kindly messages.

While the chaplains were furthering the spiritual, moral, physical and mental welfare of their Navy men and Marines, one of them brought about the substitution of coffee for the daily grog rations which were issued aboard ships in the "Old Navy." This switch was credited to Chaplain George Jones.

When Chaplain Edward McLaughlin wrote an article in condemnation of

A chaplain holds mass for troops of the First Marine Division in Korea

Photo by Corp. B. R. Uthe

Navy chaplains provide front line spiritual guidance for Marines

"flogging" for an issue of *Sailors Magazine* in 1830 it caused so much resentment against this form of punishment that it was abolished in the Navy.

When steam pushed the sail into the museum, life at sea was easier. The men became soft, some of them fat. Chaplain Wesley Holway believed that the Navy's strength depended on the strength of its men. He started the practice of daily "setting up" exercises for the crew in 1898.

The premier showing of a movie aboard ship was shown to the crew of the USS *Yankee* in 1903 by Chaplain B. R. Patrick. It was an instant hit and the men insisted upon sitting through repeated showings of the same film.

A school for midshipmen was held at the Washington Navy Yard 40 years before the Naval Academy opened at Annapolis. In three months Chaplain Robert Thomas taught his students enough navigation to enable them to pilot a ship to any known part of the globe.

In 1919 the first Naval Academy Preparatory Class started at Newport, Rhode Island. Under the coaching of Chaplains John Brady and J. D. McNair, many enlisted men won appointments to Annapolis.

Chaplain Truman P. Riddle believed he could be of greater service if he could share the viewpoint of the enlisted men. He resigned his commission and enlisted as an apprentice seaman. After five months, during which his shipmates were unaware of his true identity, he was reappointed a chaplain. Later he helped establish the educational system of the Navy.

Today's ably administered Chaplain Corps translates spiritual leadership into terms of practical service through its chaplains. Likewise, each chaplain translates this leadership by making readily available to any Navy man or Marine all the resources of religion and morality at his command.

Perhaps the greatest demonstration of this leadership came with the advent of Pearl Harbor. On December 7, 1941, there were only 192 Regular and Reserve chaplains on duty in the entire Navy and Marine Corps ashore and afloat. The brunt of the first casualties

TURN PAGE

fell upon this tiny percentage of the nearly 3000 Regulars and Reserves who augmented the corps before the end of the war. This small cadre furnished the major leadership in the complex administration of the Chaplain Corps during the early period of World War II. The magnitude of this operation can be shown by the comparative strengths of our armed forces before the WWII build-up. The total armed strength of the Navy including the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard on September 30, 1939, was 157,246. On V-J day the total strength topped the 4,056,000 mark.

This leadership was not of the swivel chair variety for before the first six months of the war had ended the Chaplain Corps had lost four of its men in action. Before the end of hostilities ten were killed in action. To the ranks of the Chaplain Corps went 93 medals and awards ranging from the Medal of Honor to Letters of Commendation with ribbon.

To meet the initial thrust upon their physical resources, the Chaplain Corps maintained a school at Williamsburg, Virginia. When the war ended the school was closed and new chaplains entering the Navy were trained under senior chaplains at regular duty stations.

Photo by W. J. McFarland, USN

A student chaplain class receives instructions in the use of the different types of ecclesiastical equipment carried in the field services

Official USN Photo

Protestant divine services are held for troops enroute to Wonsan invasion

Mobilization resulting from the conflict in Korea demanded many more chaplains than were in service at the time. When it was realized that the number of new padres needed could not be trained adequately under the senior chaplain system, the school was reopened—this time at Newport, Rhode Island.

Like all recruits, the chaplains go through "boot camp", where they get a good dose of military and physical training. Then, for seven hours each day, five days each week, they are schooled in Naval Orientation, Audio-Visual Aids, History of the Navy Chaplain Corps, Naval Law, and first aid.

Weekly field trips to nearby Naval activities afford the new chaplains opportunities to observe the Navy at work and to see a demonstration of the chaplains' place in the general scheme of Navy life.

Reserve chaplains who come back on active duty, attend the school for refresher courses in the latest changes in Navy Regulations and organization since their last period of active duty.

The school provides an unusual opportunity for clergymen of various faiths to know each other better. They attend classes together, drill together and visit each others' services. This cooperation and understanding pays off. If a graduate is transferred to a small shore station he might be the only chaplain and serve men of all denominations. He will know what his responsibilities are in guiding men of other faiths.

It pays off on the front lines, too. For here there's only one way to determine a man's religion—from the letter stamped on his dog tags. One look and the chaplain knows an injured man's preference. The lad may be Jewish and the padre a Catholic—but if the Marine wants a prayer, he'll hear his own—and maybe in Hebrew.

The school also helps each chaplain to live up to the corp's motto—*Cooperation Without Compromise*. This creed takes on a greater meaning when the Stars and Stripes take second place to the Banner of God that flies above it during Sunday worship. To Navy men and Marines this pennant with a blue cross on a white field stands for freedom of worship. To the world it says —*Religion without Compromise*. **END**

Leatherneck SPORTS

by SSgt. Robert A. Suhosky
Leatherneck Staff Writer

OHLSON and Campbell had gone around and around. The pair actually had stretched a simple playoff into 46 holes of golf before Technical Sergeant Alex Ohlson carded a three over par 75 to win. His opponent, Sergeant Fran Campbell, finished a close three strokes in arrears holing out at 78.

The victory gave Cherry Point's golf

championship to Ohlson. It wasn't an easy trick. Going into the 12th hole of the last 18, Ohlson was one under par but lost his grip on the perfect stroke level. Campbell played even most of the way but lost seven and six on the final round.

Corporal Tom Niblet rolled a short eight-foot putt to take his match from Staff Sergeant Earl Cooper in the con-

TURN PAGE

Photo by Pfc R. E. Crosby

Cherry Point's golf champion, TSgt. Alex Ohlson, steps up to putt on the ninth green at the station's golf course. Sgt. Fran Campbell awaits his turn. Campbell was the runner-up in the station tourney

solation bracket. Niblet posted a 79 while Cooper ended with 81.

Missing from the Point's link race was Master Sergeant Junior Broadus. One of the better clubmen of the Corps, Broadus was transferred to Parris Island shortly before the Flyer tourney.

* * *

STAFF Sergeant Al Williams, sports editor of the El Toro *Flight Jacket* recently named a field of sport in which Marines have continually furthered their athletic prowess when he wrote:

". . . a tournament in which the unexpected occurs more often than not. The fighters are there, and with them the greatest attribute any athlete can possess—heart! . . . the one essential ingredient for the sport in which they have chosen to compete . . . this one thing which has brought more than one fighter off the canvas and carried him to victory. Thus the Golden Gloves, maker of champions and spoiler of dreams."

Among the champions pointed out by Williams are Kenny Davis and Eldridge Thompson. Davis is the San Diego Marine who copped the world's amateur featherweight title last year and scored again this term. Thompson who came off the ropes to win, wound up as the East Coast's outstanding service boxer. Last year the Quantico light-heavyweight took a lashing from his foreign foe in the International Golden Gloves—more recently Tommy's fighting heart thumped loudly as he battled to his third sectional crown in three years.

Both fighters eye the amateur bouts as a short step away from the pay ring.

* * *

WESTERN shooters are limbering up that one good eye in anticipation of the annual rifle and pistol matches scheduled to open at Camp Matthews on April 21. Competitors will enter the shoot loaded for b'ar—the coveted bear trophy. Closest to the bull "gits it."

The April meeting gives the Western Division a few clicks on the Atlantic sharpshooters who don't squeeze off until early June at Camp Lejeune. East

Official USMC Photo

"Poosh 'Em Up Tony" Vlastelica racked up 1346 points for Camp Pendleton in two cage seasons

Official USMC Photo

Light heavyweight Eldridge Thompson punched his way to three sectional boxing titles in three years

and West slap leather on June 9. The fastest—and steadiest—on the trigger will settle the Marine Corps matches pronto. The huge Laucheimer trophy, plus the Elliott and Wirgman match add impetus to the test.

There's one nice item about a rifle shoot—usually nobody's shootin' back. It's a pleasant thought for Korean vets—and all Marines—to keep in sight during the requalification days ahead. Fattest target on the line is the $1800 run up by *Leatherneck*. Purposely, the experts—those with one or more "legs" toward Distinguished Marksman—have been left out. *Leatherneck's move is* strictly to toss an added incentive before the rank-and-file Marine. The Corps' reputation as crack riflemen may have been established by the match shooters but it was expanded in combat by the Marine in the line.

Chance for a reward was never more opportune. Range people can help with the paperwork. Shoot to *win!*

* * *

EUROPE—Norway in particular—was ceded a wide edge at the start of the Winter Olympics staged in Oslo the past February. The acquiescence was not without just foundation. Snow sports are as natural to the Norwegians as baseball is to Americans, but Viking babes begin teething icicles long before American youngsters glimpse a baseball. Forecasters gave the States the best bid on the bobsled; second choice was Dick Button in the figure skating division. Although Canadian by birth, "Hockey", they said, "belongs to the Scandanavians."

Maybe so. But it wouldn't be well to flit over the icemen too quickly. Three of the skaters toted the globe-and-anchor clear across the ocean. Leonard Ceglarski of Quantico, Robert Rampre of San Diego and Clifford Harrison from Parris Island wielded strong sticks, but the home team was stronger. As expected, the Norwegians swept the ice clean — right through the Winter games.

ASIDE from basketball, All-Marine athletic finals in track, baseball and football will be decided in Southern California.

The basketball championship went on the open market March 20 when the San Diego Marines challenged defending All-Marine court champions—Parris Island—in the latter's new bailiwick. Two out of three games will declare the new champion. Last season, the Islanders traveled westward to win the first All-Marine title ever offered to any team.

The fifth All-Marine track meet has been set for May 30th and 31st. The unannounced site probably will be Camp Pendleton, host last year, or San Diego's Balboa Stadium with the boots spreading the welcome mat. The coming field attraction promises to be a very important meet. Winner, plus rated place and show performers, will get a shot at the All-Armed Forces run-jump-and-throw contests in June. The eventual goal of the thinclads will be in sight continuously—the Olympics.

The National Non-Professional Baseball Tourney at Wichita, Kansas, is a vital factor in figuring the date of the Marine Corps series. The champion must garner the best of a five-game stand to represent the Corps in Kansas in mid-August. The western representative will take the field first on August 7.

Unless a play-off is necessary on either flank, All-Marine football contenders will clash on November 29. Play-offs on either coast will set the title game back to December 6.

* * *

TWO Camp Pendleton Marines had just witnessed a Golden Gloves program in Los Angeles where a hapless civilian crew knuckled to the combined might of the Navy and Marines. Leaving the arena the pair discussed the inevitable meeting of the two services. Pondering the outcome, one of them flicked a thumb towards a movie marquee across the street. They nodded definitely and marched on without missing a step.

Title of the picture: "Sailor Beware."

END

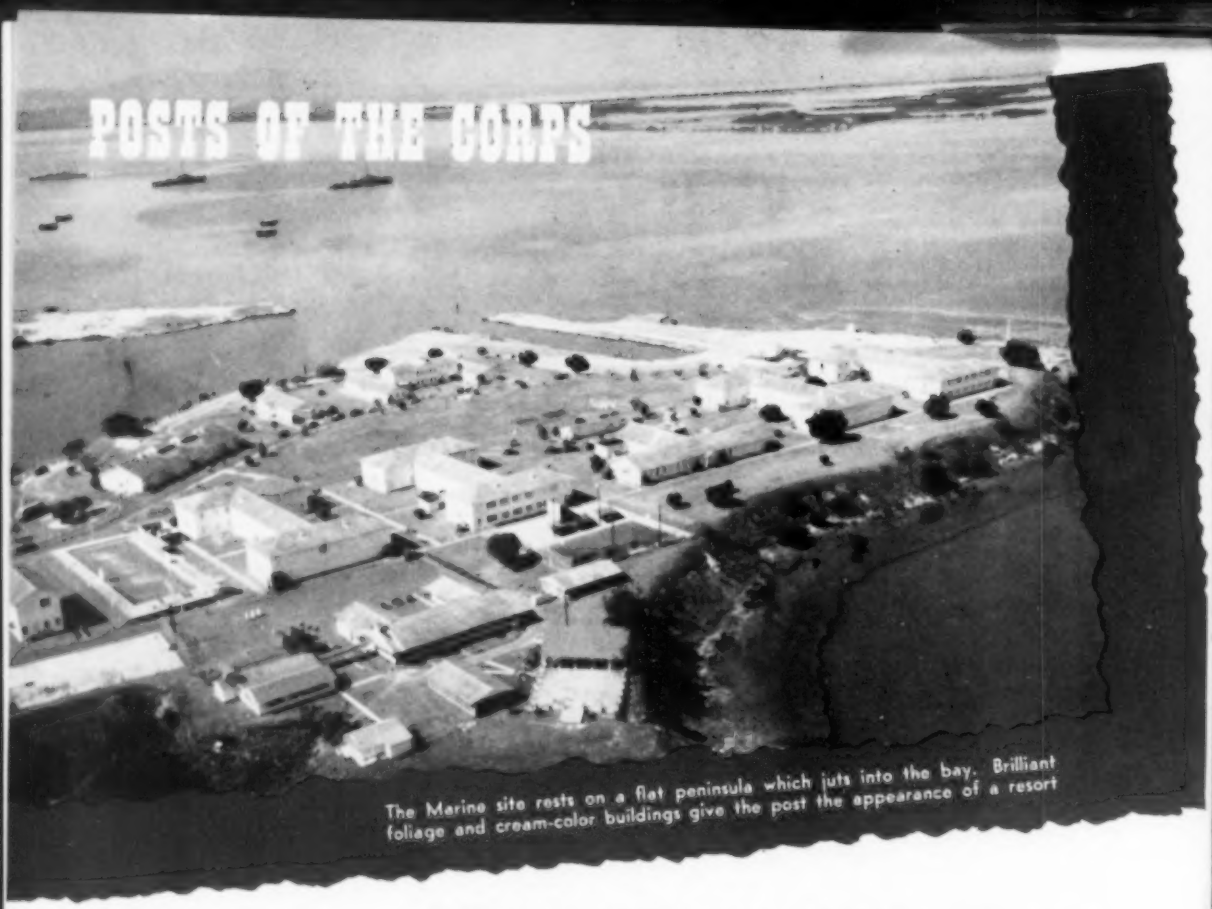
sport short

"POOSH 'EM-UP Tony" Vlastelica no longer haunts the Southern California coast. After scoring 800 points in 35 games, the pride of Camp Pendleton drew a release from active duty. Simultaneously, opposing coaches drew a breath of relief. Young Anthony has aimed his powerful hook in the direction of the University of Washington; the six-foot-six cager wants to climb the education ladder.

In two years of Pendleton play, he totaled 1346 points for 71 games. In doing so, Vlastelica cast four CamPen records to the wayside. Penite mentor, Ken Croswell, lauded his star's attitude, willingness and natural ability. He tabbed Tony as the finest college prospect he had ever handled.

Pendleton, aided by the Hook, pulled a fat one from the blaze a scant two days before Vlastelica left the Corps. Pendleton upended the San Diego Marines as Tony poured 22 points into Oceanside's 66-62 win.

The following evening he bid farewell to the Pendleton roster.



The Marine site rests on a flat peninsula which juts into the bay. Brilliant foliage and cream-color buildings give the post the appearance of a resort

GUANTANAMO BAY *Cuba*

by TSgt. Robert W. Tallent

Leatherneck Staff Writer

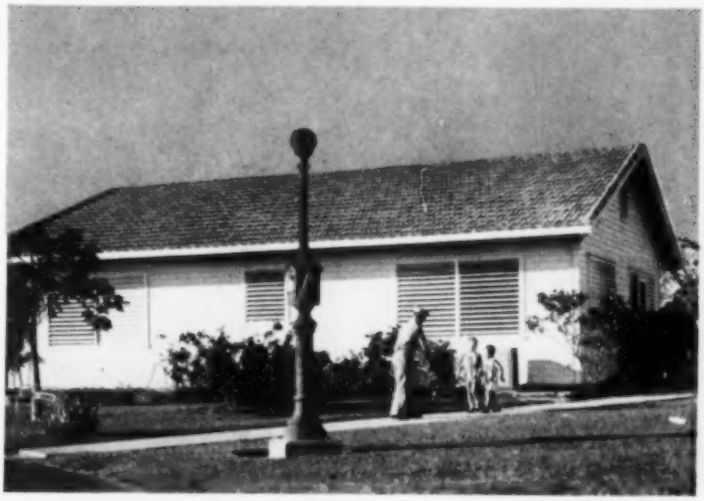
THE warship *Panther* dropped off a landing party of Marines bent on evicting a sizable group of Spanish soldiers from the vicinity of Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, just about as humid and pest ridden a spot as could be found then on that Caribbean island. The occasion was the Spanish-American War.

Since that time many, many ALMARs have been null and voided, as were most of the Spanish at Guantanamo after a moderate fight with the *Panther*'s landing party. The Marines, however, went on to establish what has eventually become one of the oldest and best foreign posts of the Corps.

Numerous changes have taken place during the Marines' 40-odd year tenure at Guantanamo. Since the battle with the Spanish, no international wars have disturbed the tranquil shore of the base. Thanks to DDT, the bugs and other sundry creepers have suffered heavy casualties and are now limited to punitive actions against sentries on post. And the Marine site on the sprawling Navy base is one of the finest in the World.

The shore line of the establishment is characterized by a series of peninsulas extending from the one large Navy peninsula. Guantanamo Bay, equal to any deep water anchorage in the world, nestles within the brown, grizzled arms of land curling out from the southeastern tip of the island. The Marines first landed at Fisherman's Point and located there until 1940 when they were moved to make way for the naval air station. Fisherman's Point, just off the channel leading out to the open sea, is the largest of the land jetties along the bay. The new Marine site is on a smaller, mesa-like

Two-lad greeting committee salutes MSgt. Ford in front of his quarters



peninsula further down the bay-side of the land mass.

In addition to the jagged shore line, the terrain of the entire station is mostly up and down, ranging from small hills to shallow arroyos and embryo mountains. Capping the higher, less accessible ground, much like a tousled toupee, is the thick underbrush and cacti, native to Cuba. Here on this spiny crest, the Navy's vast store of fuel and ammunition for the Caribbean fleet is kept, and the efforts of the major part of the Marine barracks security forces are concentrated. The rugged posts the sentries walk in this part of the base have as much in common with the pleasant grass-planted, modern Marine barracks area as 72-hour passes have with a sergeant major's smile.

From the Marine site all distant objects, the ships in the bay and the buildings further up the peninsula, stand out clearly against the stark blue waters of the bay or the azure brilliance of the sky. The visitor, cruising down the broad, macadam highway past the cheery, married staff NCO and officers' quarters then swinging by the huge outdoor swimming pool and PX, is likely to get the impression that the Marine barracks is more for resort purposes than military business. One day spent with the members of Colonel

TURN PAGE

One of the oldest and finest posts of the Corps, Gitmo demands and gets top duty performance from its troops

This sun-splashed pavilion, overlooking a section of Guantanamo Bay, is the Private's Club. They hold dance parties here at least once a month

John F. Hough's command is enough to completely dispel any such notions.

The men of the barracks are a hard working crew—they have to be. Several hundred men handle the security of the ammunition and gasoline storage areas, maintain two outposts, run the PX, QM, and handle the rifle range where they qualified thousands of Sailors last year. The Marines also operate a boat shed, mess hall, brig, bakery, and individually search the thousands of native workers leaving the base each day. In their spare moments, they conduct a full training program as prescribed by Headquarters Marine Corps and occasionally add a few additional subjects as the need arises.

Conservatively speaking, they keep one foot moving at all times. Siestas are as foreign to these Marines as they are to the Eskimos. Don't get the impression that they believe that all work and no play makes a Marine; they manage an equally heavy recreation schedule. Marine teams compete in all base activities and keep a hefty balance on the win side of the ledger.

Time was, when the Corps was well represented on the base. Thousands of Marines trained and pulled duty at Guantanamo until the start of World War II. Few Marines on the East Coast ever did a complete hitch without at least one visit to Cuba. It's different now. Aside from the calls paid by ships' detachments, the handful of men at the barracks are the sole representatives of the Corps in that part of the Caribbean—and they're doing a good job.

Neatness, rigid military decorum and pride in the service are as much a part of the post as the two ancient deck guns flanking the flag pole in front of the administration building. This doesn't mean that all hands run around the post wearing seraphic smiles and congratulating each other on how lucky they are to be a part of the outfit. There's gum beating—some of it pungently colorful—but not nearly as much as the usual par for Marines on a foreign station.

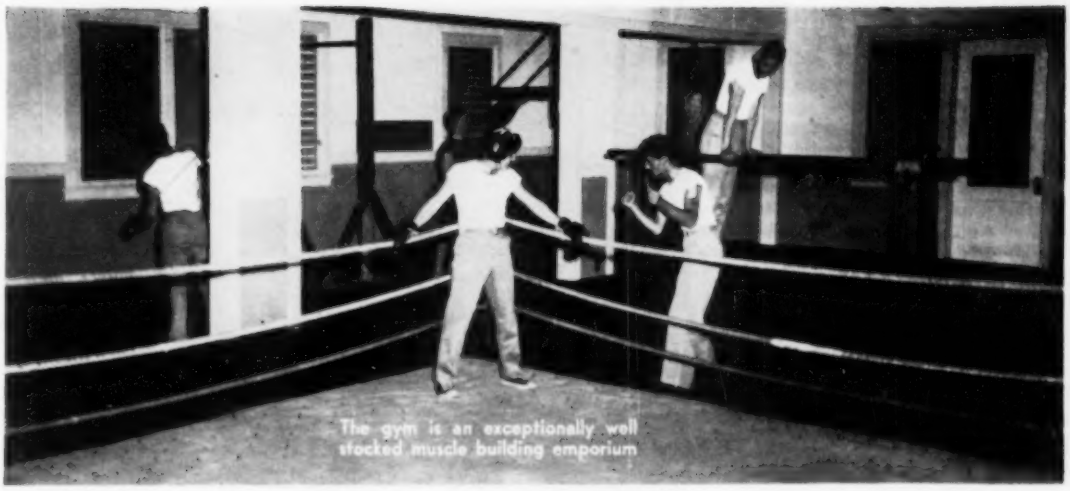
After debarking from the liberty boat on the outskirts of Caimanera, Marines on leave have a tedious wait for the train at the Red Barn

The principal peeve is that the tour of duty for Cuba is two years; this means two years with no Stateside leave. As unimportant as this may seem to men at farther flung posts, nonetheless, home is invitingly close to Cuba and even the best recreation facilities in the world, (MB Gitmo has these) pall after a few months. There's liberty, of a sort, at Caimanera and Guantanamo.

These cities are quaint for the tourist trade, but the quaintness tarnishes after more than two visits to either place. The belles and sinks of these communities have long been barracks room topics throughout the Corps so there is little point in making a study of them. Suffice it to say that there is plenty to occupy a man's time in either city, until 2200 when liberty expires. The natives love the Marines, Sailors and everybody with a Yankee dollar.

Marines learn quickly that the natives of Cuba are intensely nationalistic. Politics and related issues occupy a large portion of every Cuban's existence, next to the acquisition *de los ninos* that is. Although a citizen may be a

Barracks exchange offers varied items — including motor scooters



The gym is an exceptionally well stocked muscle building emporium

trifle foggy on the facts of any local problem he would never, never admit it publicly. The common tactic in arguing a point is to increase the volume. Debates, many in progress at the same time around the city square, are impressive and loud.

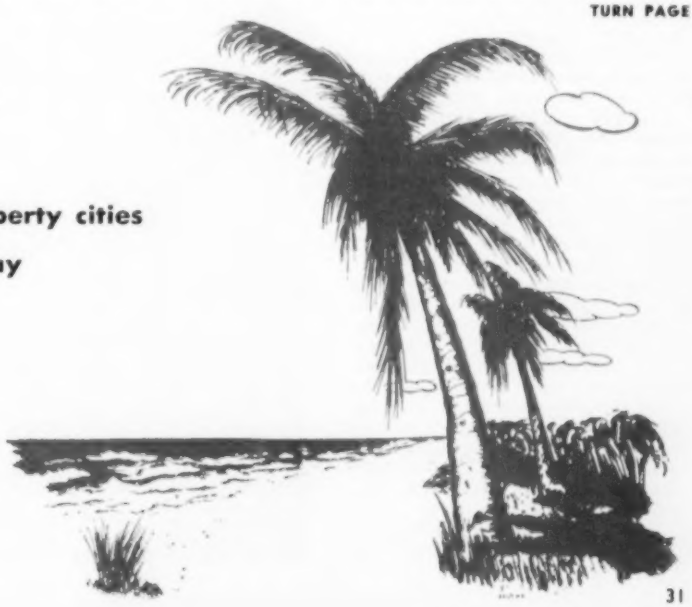
Chunks of the ancient history of that portion of Cuba, wherein Guantanamo is situated, are intertwined with blood thirsty legends and supposition. Christopher Columbus is purported to have called there on his first trip from Spain. Notorious pirates are said to have holed up in and around the waters of Guantanamo Bay. Civil strife was intermittently rampant in the area and records are vague up to 1898 when the United States moved in.

There are almost as many thrills in getting to the environs of Guantanamo as there are within the city. From the compound you load aboard the Marine-handled liberty boat (liberty parties range from eight to 20 men) and cruise over to the rail terminus outside Caimanera. The ride takes about 30 minutes. Debarking at a point which bears the rustic title of Red Barn, you enter a rather tired pavilion where you can sip a beer or coke until the train shows up.

Oddly enough the train, which runs especially for Navy and Marine liberty parties, has never been waiting for the customer within the memory of any Marine on the station. It is the customers who must await the train. Since this is a thirsty business on a sweltering afternoon, the bartenders are a busy lot. Some distrustful Marines have hinted that the owner of the establishment might be in cahoots with the railroad people.

The train is certainly worth the wait and the 75 cent round trip fare. In appearance it's like the kind you see in old prints where a group of people are cheering a bearded executive belaboring a golden spike. Puffing energetically in the background is precisely the same model iron horse without bunting that's in use today in the eastern reaches of Cuba. Despite the outward impressiveness of this relic, the real thrill comes in the ride. It's rough, and during the entire trip you have the same uneasy feeling that you

TURN PAGE



Gitmo Marines travel to liberty cities by boat and ancient railway

Photos by MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

might have while riding a dive bomber with a knock in the engine.

After a 30-minute bouncing trip you pull into the station. On the platform is a delegation of Cubans large and small, gathered to assure the passengers that they will enjoy the pleasures of the city—for a price. The greeting and subsequent routine runs like this:

"Ay, Chico, Chico, you want guide? . . . I show you all the sights. You want good chow? You want night club? . . . You want girl friend? . . . I show you, Chico . . . You got cigarette?"

After dealing with the natives awhile, a Marine becomes fairly fluent with Spanish and in a short time he'll be tossing around a "Sì" here and a "Qui Pasi?" there.

From the railway depot on, it's every man for himself, but the MPs (the Marines supply their own) will see that you don't stray too far or linger too long.

Just to make sure all hands get a good night's rest back at the Marine barracks after liberty hours there is a 2300 bed check and another at 0100.

Catching a full ration of slumber isn't a bad idea after liberty expires, for the following duty day is usually a full one. In addition to inspection and formal guard mounts every week and the regular guard there is always a daily training period.

Master Sergeant Lloyd R. Wade, formerly of the 4.2 mortars, First Marine Division, heads the newly organized training section. He says, "We do everything except hold cold weather training and if it ever snows around here we'll do that too."

Officers and Staff NCOs divide the lecture periods and each man gives at least one talk a week. Every Saturday morning there is a Sergeants' and Staff NCOs' school after the parade or the inspection. Saturday inspections are usually clothing or equipment on the bunk. Each Thursday there is a formal guard mount on the parade ground. While the cactus limits field problems, there are areas where small unit maneuvers can be worked. Does all this training pay off? One gratifying example was published recently—every man who took the GMST test for promotion successfully passed the exam.

The guard posts on the station are numerous and varied. They are patrolled by foot, mule, jeep and helicopter. Of all the foot patrols in the ammunition area, Post Four is regarded best. At either end of the limits of the brush splattered post there is a phone.

All sentries check in with the Corporal of the Guard at regular intervals from the ammunition and gas storage areas. If you ask a sentry who has seen the interior of any of the ammunition magazines what would happen if one of them suddenly popped, he would preface his answer with a shudder. Smoking on these posts is definitely discouraged. The Corporal of the Guard frisks every man going on post for matches and cigarettes.

Putting in flight time is a routine job for guards at the Barracks

Thousands of workers get daily contraband search by the guards

Regarded as the worst post of the lot is Post 10 which boasts three phones with a steep, slippery hill between each one. There are other hazards to these patrols beside the terrain. Residing in the crannies of the hill are as peculiar a collection of wild life as can be found outside a zoo. There are iguanas, looking like a cross between a dinosaur and an alligator. They grow to a length of six or more feet, and while their appearance is frightening, they are not belligerent. In fact, for a number of years the Marines kept one for a pet. He was named Oscar and lived beneath the floor of the barracks. Old timers who recall the good natured monster say he seldom missed a formation.

Deer roam the boondocks as well as iguanas, a few harmless but large reptiles and numerous large banana rats or agouties.

Regarded as choicest work in the security line is pulling outpost duty. There are two outposts and men go out on them for a month at a time. Generally a man draws outpost at least once a year. Outpost One, a Sergeant and nine men, takes care of security along the international fence line and also patrols the central water line leading into the base. They keep six mules and two horses for this purpose. Their quarters at the eastern edge of the reservation are equal to those at the base and they do their own cooking. It's a good place to catch up on MCI work, practically everybody who goes on outpost takes at least one course with him. There is no liberty, but the life is less hectic than at the main site.

The other outpost is at Leeward Point across the inlet to the bay. Marines are in charge of security there and their job has been complicated considerably since several thousand Seabees and civilian workers moved in with them to build a tremendous airfield on Leeward. The 10 Marines live in a Quonset hut, maintain a jeep patrol and dock watch. Twice each week a man is dispatched by boat over to the barracks to pick up mail and PX gear.

Latest addition to the security activities is the helicopter patrol. Once a week a guard is picked up on the parade ground by a 'copter and takes off on a three hour aerial patrol of all government boundaries.

While the weather isn't the best produced in the Caribbean it is seldom overly oppressive. The humidity hits a peak in the morning and slacks off toward the end of the afternoon. In the afternoon a breeze usually fans the Marine area.

The windows of the barracks, offices and living quarters are outfitted with *jalousies*, king-sized venetian blinds rigged outside the window frames, letting the breeze in and keeping out the heat and rain. Floors of all the quarters are paved with shiny Cuban tile blocks which cool the buildings and are extremely decorative. The tile takes a high sheen when swabbed with ammonia and a little soapy water.

After duty hours the base social life whirls around on three or four different orbits. Whatever sport is currently in progress draws a fair-sized crowd. A post restaurant, operated by a group of Chinese, serves an excellent meal at a very moderate price. The restaurant is supervised by the Marines and receives its share of the inspections like any other activity. Next to the restaurant is the Privates' Club, a spacious pavilion and bar, replete with brass rail, juke boxes and pin ball machines. This is a good place to sit around and enjoy a cool one before the movie commences.

The outdoor theater is located near the boat landing and the films rival those in any first-run movie house in the States. Cokes and popcorn are sold in the theater, another Marine-operated enterprise. The Sergeants' club is equipped with comfortable lounges and fine bar service.

All of the activities in the Marine area are run primarily for the base personnel although the command permits the Navy to use the swimming pool, basketball court, restaurant and PX. The building just behind the swimming pool houses the gym, library, pool room and special services storeroom. These facilities are open to Marines only. The list of all the special services recreation offered to men at Guantanamo, such as skeet shooting, fishing (SS supplies the outboard motor, line, pole and boat) would be very long.

Another activity on which the post justifiably prides itself is target shooting. With the exception of one match, Marines from Guantanamo made a clean sweep in the open events at the Bermuda Command Rifle Meeting held in June last year. The showing was impressive in view of the number of entries. There were 252 team entries and 1150 individual entries including the British Army, British Navy, British Royal Marines, British Colonial Police, U.S. Air Force, U.S. Marines from Panama and Bermuda and several civilian rifle clubs from Bermuda.

The winning team was composed of Captain Edward D. Oglesby, Sergeant Paul Stewart, and Corporals Billy Howard and Harvey Goglin. A Number Two team from the base placed fifth or better in all rifle team events. The members of this squad were Staff Sergeant Leroy H. Johnson, Sergeant John D. Fielding, and Corporals John G. Hensmanns and William B. Taylor, Jr.

Colonel Hough talks over a base defense plan with Admiral Murphy

To top the Marines' sweep of the honors, Colonel John Hough won an informal 500-yard challenge rifle match with Brigadier James Charles Smith who commands British Army Forces in Bermuda. The trophies taken by the rifle team members were the Challenge Trophy, the Royal Engineers Challenge Cup, the Service Snapshooting Cup, the Bluck Challenge Cup and the Royal 22nd Rifle Regiment Cup. This year the Guantanamo shooters will be out to renew their lease on these honors.

Equally impressive was the showing made by the Marine Barracks Baseball Team last year. During the season they solidly thumped all comers then missed taking the Navy's base championship by a nebulous margin.

Another tradition that is part of this post is *(continued on page 74)*

Bait Your Hooks!

by Major Don Carpenter

EAST of the Mississippi River from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico lies the part of America where the greatest number of individuals indulge in the sport of angling. Fishermen far outnumber baseball fans, football fans, grunt'n groan addicts and golf buffs. We like to believe that angling is The Great American Pastime.

Apparently, the fishing bug bites its victims when he least expects it—when he passes a tackle display in the window of a sporting goods store or when he's having a few brews with some of Izaak Walton's disciples. In any case, the fact that nobody ever caught the largest fish presents a challenge. Choice of the best artificial lure, the best place to go, or what fish will do best are also intriguing. The [illegible] of most bull sessions about fishing is the story about the one which got away; from here the talk advances to what fish are where and personal opinions about lures and baits. The lure and bait discussion seldom reaches a logical conclusion because, according to an old adage "one bait is as good as another on days when the fish are not biting."

A subject as wide as fresh and salt water angling east of the Mississippi cannot be completely covered on these few pages, but we have condensed here highlights from our more than 40 years of experience which we hope will help the beginner and perhaps add to the knowledge of the experienced. Fishing is not an exact science; if it were the fisherman would not hear so frequently, "You should have been here yesterday!"

Marines are stationed in many places. Some are near fresh water, some near salt water and some near both. This article is prepared so you may stash it in your locker or fishing box and refer to it from time to time. In the writer's many travels he has seldom found duty where fish could *not* be caught, if there was time for recreation. Treading clams, spearing flounders, casting a fly at targets or just fishing from a bank is fun. Somehow the sport has driven us to wade painfully cold mountain streams under freezing conditions or sit waterlogged and hungry in a mean rain just to catch one small fish which we gave to folks who were not fond of fish anyhow.

Fishing as a sport is enjoyed in various ways. Some anglers like surf casting, others prefer fly casting; bait casting; trolling; still fishing; spinning; dropline fishing; snagging, or even jugging for catfish. As a boy we remember tickling trout bellies under the bank of a brook or even snaring suckers with a wire noose. True sportsmen like to use a rod and reel with the lightest of lines to give the fish an even chance to get away. Many small fish are as much fun as large fish if caught on the proper light tackle. We have actually caught a six-foot tarpon one day and flown home to fish a mountain stream for six-inch brook trout the next day, and enjoyed the brookie's fight as much as the battle with the Silver King.

Surf casting along the beaches and inlets of the ocean is the biggest grab bag of fishing. The angler never knows what may bite next or how large the fish may be. From sundown until dawn is always the best time because most large fish swim into shallow water to feed at night. Usually the week before and the week after a full moon are desirable for night fishing. Natural

baits are best, but when you see a flock of gulls flying close to one spot above the breakers it means a school of game fish is feeding there and an artificial plug, spoon or lead squid may be cast out into the school for quick results. These artificial lures save the time of baiting up with natural bait.

When selecting a place to fish in the surf, *don't cast just anywhere*. Watch the waves rolling in, then go to the place where breakers roll in flat without combing-over. There you will find a slough or deep hole into which food falls; here is where the fish feed. In inlets, a tide rip is ideal; most game fish like a swift current and rough water.

Tackle for surf casters should include a long whippy rod, 9 to 12 feet, with spring butt, a large tip and large guide about three feet from tip. Large guides permit easy and long casts. Linen or nylon lines will take a beating and be cut by sand and waterchurned by waves. The reel should be fast, without a level-winder, should hold 250 to 350 yards and have a star drag and free spool. Many anglers today use spinning reels for surf casting. A sand spike or rod holder is useful to hold your rod while fixing bait; it keeps sand out of the reel gears. You'll need a butt strap lantern, knife, towel, and a pair of pliers. A fish finder rig (see diagram) will permit you to feel the lightest bite. Steel leaders are usually desirable and pyramid sinkers three to eight ounces in weight will keep your bait from rolling in the surf.

A kink which has saved us lots of money while traveling around in the

TURN PAGE

Don't growl, Mac, when the old man hands you your orders. Chances are he's sending you some place where the fishing is good

Major Don Carpenter holds two giant steelhead trout caught in San Mateo Creek on the Pendleton rocket range

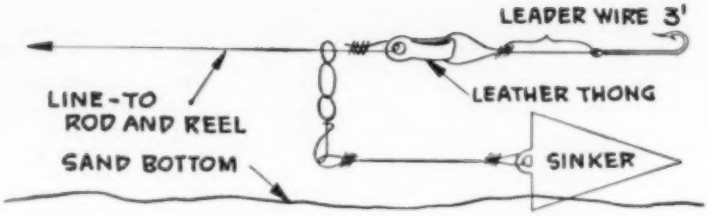
BAIT YOUR HOOK (cont.)

Marine Corps was the purchase of a large metal rod tip and single guide which we pack when we go anyplace. These items occupy the space of a cigarette pack and can be quickly taped to a cheap, long bamboo rod which we buy for less than a dollar at most places. This makes a long whippy surf rod to which we tape the reel we always carry with our gear. When transferred to another place of duty we throw away the pole and pack the guide, tip and reel for use again at our next station.

Fly casters can buy sectional rods small enough to pack along most anywhere except in combat zones. Fly and bait rods are made of glass, steel, beryllium, bamboo or copper. We prefer a hollow glass rod for any kind of fishing. It's tough, light, has lots of action and is not subject to rust or rot. Solid glass rods are not as good as the Conlon hollow glass, in which over a half million fibers of glass are impregnated into a cloth form. For small brushy or over-hanging streams a 6-or 7-foot fly rod, weighing 3 ounces, is best. Large streams, rivers and lakes require longer fly rods 8 to 9 feet, weighing 4 to 6 ounces.

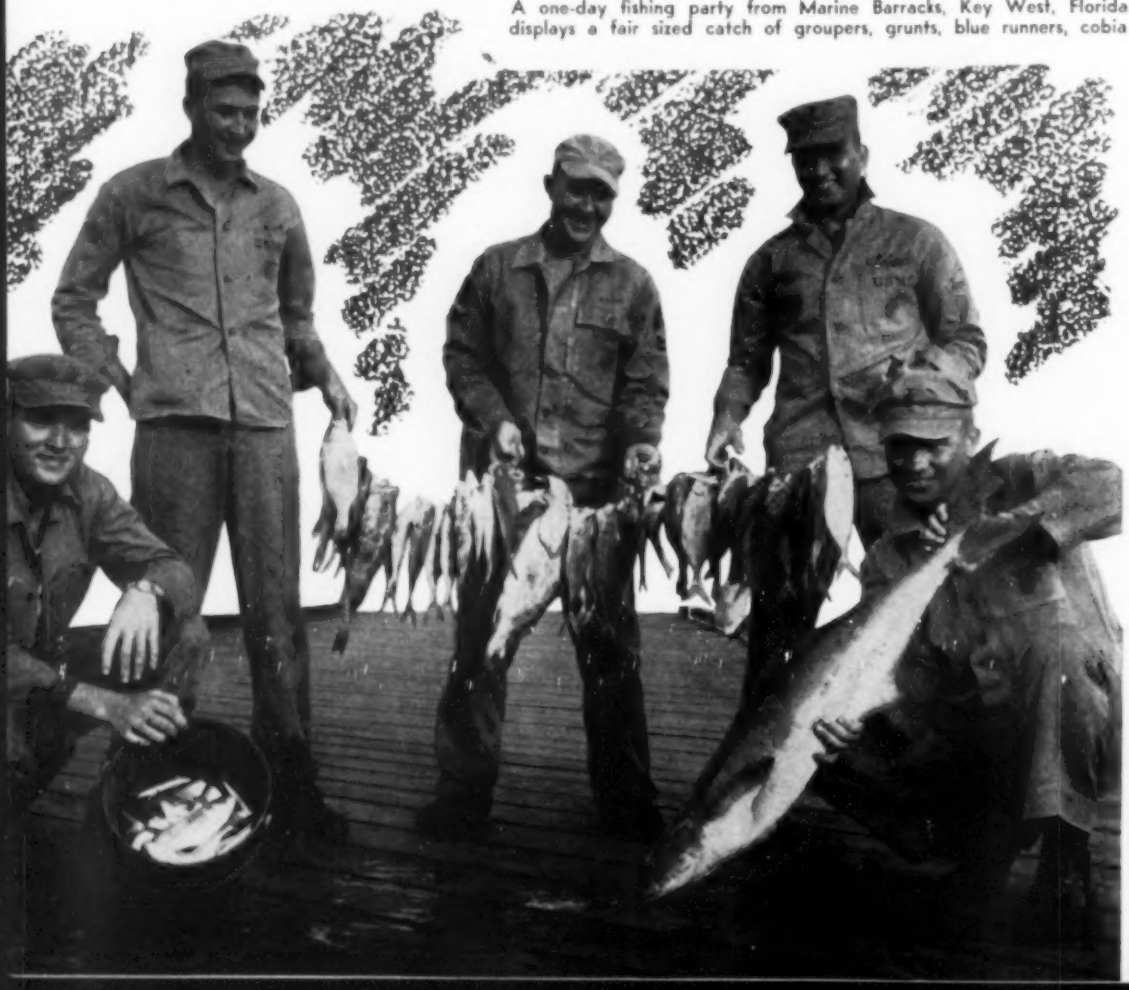
The *fly reel* is only a reservoir for your line and may be inexpensive. It is always single action and should be large enough to balance the rod directly in front of the hand grip (with line on reel). Leaders made of nylon are best; they do not rot and are made of coal, water and air. Length of leader depends on type of water fished; a short leader for rough water, a long leader, tapered to a small diameter for calm, clear water. Usually, dry flies are fished upstream and wet or streamer flies or spinners are fished downstream.

We like to wade wherever possible.



Fish finder permits sinker to drive baited hook out on cast; sinker engages and won't roll. Line in finder allows angler to feel light bites

A one-day fishing party from Marine Barracks, Key West, Florida displays a fair sized catch of groupers, grunts, blue runners, cobia



Never stand on the bank of a stream because the fish can easily see the angler. When wading, the feet are moved slowly, keeping disturbance of the water at a minimum so that the fish will not become excited. Little practice is needed to learn dry and wet fly casting. Wet flies are cast across the stream and allowed to drift downward, at the same time the tip of the rod is moved in jerks to give action to the lure. Usually the fish strikes when the lure makes a whip-like motion at the end of a drift. Never try to save money when you buy a fly rod; get the best you can afford. Good action in a fly rod means more fun while fishing.

Bait casting and *spinning* are alike except for the tackle. A flip of the wrist with an overhand motion casts the lure out into the water and the bait is returned by reeling in. Bait casting is harder to learn than fly casting, but spinning is easy and will cast the lure farther with less effort than with any other fresh water gear. Bait casting rods have the best action when made in only one piece, but anglers who travel a lot find a short, suit-case rod handy to pack with their pet reel. Beginners like a level-winding reel with an anti-backlash attachment to prevent "bird-nests" in the line.

Bait casting rods usually have a tip and three or four line guides. The reel seat has a lock to prevent the reel from slipping when a fish is hooked. *Nylon* lines are best because they do not require washing after use. *Wire* leaders are used when casting baits for fish which have teeth such as pike and musky. Reels should be fast for long casts and a cork spindle on the reel means less turns to get the line out. A free spool helps. Waterproof rod cases such as metal or plastic tubes should be kept dry; never put your rod away while wet or it will mildew. Snelled hooks are generally used when using live or natural bait on bait casting tackle. Sinkers may be a split buck-shot or any other kind of sinker.

The best kind of lure will depend on what waters you plan to fish and the kind of fish you want to catch. Ask local anglers for this information. Bait casters usually use spoons, plugs, spinners, bucktails and various combinations of these lures.

The *spinning rod* is light and line guides are the same as on a casting rod except that the guide nearest the reel is very large to permit the line to feed out without binding. This assures longer casts. The reel is the reverse principle of a casting reel and is like a spool of thread turned towards the fish. When the line is cast it simply pays out off the spool end with little friction, when returning the lure the line is reeled in and a metal finger picks

up the line and winds it by gears in a normal level winding fashion. Casts over 150 feet are easy for the beginner. Spinning lines rarely exceed a four-to-eight-pound test for fish up to 40 pounds because the light action of the rod tip prevents the line from breaking and is assisted by a built-in reel drag on the line. A cigarette butt can be cast without any other weight from a spinning rod. Accuracy desired to place your lure in a certain spot is developed by bait or spinning rod casters from actual practice.

Trolling is done in both fresh and salt water. The idea is to drag a lure or natural bait through the water so that it will imitate a fish on which game fish feed. Trolling is done from boats propelled by outboard or inboard motors or by rowing. The speed varies according to the type of fish desired. Trolling spoons and plugs develop their own action and the angler rarely has to move his rod while trolling. However, bucktails and bone jigs should be moved regularly to add action to the lure. Leaders for trolling should be long in very clear water, short in muddy or fast water. Monel metal lines are used where the trolling is deep and weight is not desired on the line. Swivels at lure or leader ends are necessary to prevent kinks in a line, and the faster a lure goes, the more swivels are needed. Hooks on artificial lures should always be sharp ended and all spoons polished. The finish of spoons may be chrome, silver, brass, copper or gold; each has its own use. Not unlike wet fly casting down stream, a trolling lure frequently causes a fish to strike when a boat makes a turn and causes the bait to increase its speed suddenly. If a fish is following the bait at that time, it thinks the bait is trying to get away.

Still fishing is always a good pastime in fresh, salt or brackish water. Usually a simple pole with a line is used, with or without reel. A float may be added to keep the bait off bottom or above rocks and weeds. Lazy people like to watch a float while the rod rests on the river bank or across the seat of their boat. When the cork goes under the rod is yanked to hook the fish. This form of angling allows time for a cool beer, sandwich or conversation with your gal. Contrary to folk lore, talking does not disturb fish, but walking heavily in a boat or banging your tackle or bait box on the boat bottom, or even walking heavily along the stream bank will scatter the fish for hundreds of yards since sound when transmitted through the water goes a long way. When fishing in rivers or streams, an eddy is a good place to find fish as well as deep holes and around rocks, stumps, logs and weed beds. If there's a current in the stream do not cast upstream or your line will get caught in snags which may be there, always cast downstream.

Deep sea fishing is best near wrecks, rocks, jettys, piers, buoys or obstructions where food for the fish may hide. Modern beam trawlers sweep most of the sandy bottom along our coast daily with drag nets and few fish will be found on clean bottom. To locate good fishing it is best to go off shore in a boat and then drift until you find a rocky bottom. Fish are usually found there; anchor and cast your lines.

The Pfc with little pay to spare and a strong desire to enjoy his recreation periods on the water should plan to assemble a kit or gear box by the

TURN PAGE

BAIT YOUR HOOK (cont.)

purchase, each pay day, of at least one piece of good tackle—then take care of it. In time he will be surprised by the fact that he has accumulated a useful and valuable sports outfit.

In many places it is possible to fish through the ice in winter which makes fishing a year 'round sport. However, salt or brackish water ice is more dangerous than fresh water ice, because it has more air bubbles and is moved by tidal action. Use extreme caution on *all* ice.

When angling from a rowboat anchored in a swift current, pull the anchor carefully or your boat may be swamped if the anchor is caught on a rock.

When using live bait for game fish and you get a strike, do not yank your line immediately. Allow the fish to run against a light click on your reel and strike on the second run. Always keep your rod tip up when fighting a game fish which jumps, because a jumping fish can throw the hook if there is slack in the line. A landing net or gaff is handy to help land large fish. Do not put your fingers into the mouths of pickerel, pike, musky or other fish with sharp teeth. If you stick a hook into yourself or your buddy, push it through the skin, snip off the barb with your pocket pliers, then back hook out without further discomfort.

Among the many items of fishing gear which add to your enjoyment of the sport are: a creel to carry your fish or lunch (an old gas mask case will do), a tackle box or shoulder bag for your gear, a fly box for lures to prevent damage to feathers and to keep hooks from getting in your clothing, a leader box, bait box, scissors, gut snips, ruler to measure fish for legal length. And if a license is required, get one! Wading boots are necessary for cold streams but boondockers and old khaki pants suffice for warm water wading. You'll need an assortment of hooks, and remember, you can always catch a big fish on a small hook as well as small fish, but you can catch only large fish with a large hook.

Always handle strange fish with care, especially in the ocean where you can be hit by the dangerous tail of a sting ray or slashed by the sharp teeth of a barracuda. Use extra heavy and strong hooks for fish such as the sheepshead and blackfish which can bite ordinary wire hooks in two with their strong teeth. You can eat nearly all varieties of fish along the Atlantic seaboard but this is not true on the Pacific side especially in the south Pacific area.

Today, when a Marine fishing party sets out, it's a good bet that part of the group will be composed of wives who previously sat at home

Save Money On Bait

For fresh water fishing:

Nightcrawlers (worms) are found in rich farm soil or in good grass lawns. They can be dug or better still caught at night by hand. Your best time is after a spring rain. In drought time when rain is scarce or when you need bait in a hurry, water the lawn at dusk; at dark walk gently and use a flashlight to look for worms lying in the grass. Grab the worm with one quick move at the end *nearest its hole*, then ease out gently to avoid breaking. Store night crawlers in damp moss, dry leaves, or moist soil. To store for long periods in a dirt box, add cornmeal to earth for food. Night crawlers are *no good for salt water fish* as a rule. Compost heaps and manure piles contain ringed ground worms (red). Other fresh water baits include: live grasshoppers, crickets, beetles, locusts, grubs, hellgrammites, live minnows, frogs, mice, salamanders, and crayfish.

Crickets and beetles can usually be found by turning over rocks (watch out for snakes which also hide under rocks). Grubs (nick-named "sawyers") can be dug in the ground or found in the wood of rotten trees.

Hellgrammites are the larva of the dobson fly. They are black-brown, one to four inches long, with a pair of pincers on scaly head. The body is soft. Hellgrammites live in rivers and streams where water is clean and flowing. They may be safely handled without a pinch by grasping tightly just *behind the head*. To catch hellgrammites turn over rocks in shallow water, lifting rock quickly toward upstream direction, then grab quickly and properly. These creatures will live for weeks in damp leaves if they are stored in a cool place. When a hellgrammite is damaged by catching several fish it may be turned inside-out by pushing a pencil from one end, then used again.

Other larvae found in streams can be found on the bottom housed in cocoons made from twigs or gravel. These larvae can be seen when they move the body casing around to feed. Their camouflage is perfect. To use, simply break up cocoon and impale on hook. These are known as "stickbait".

A small seine is usually used to catch minnows, mad-toms (small stream catfish), crawfish, lizards or salamanders. Frogs may be caught by dangling a hook baited with bit of red cloth. They will jump for a red fly, too. Mice can be trapped with a box-trap, rigged on the hook with a rubber band harness over forelegs (wear heavy gloves to avoid bites). Salamanders and frogs are usually hooked through the lips when used for bait. Minnows may be hooked through the lips, just under the

A group of Marines, wounded during WWII, learn how to tie fishing flies from the author at Santa Margarita Hospital, Camp Pendleton

top fin or through the tail, *do not put hook through backbone*.

Hellgrammites are always hooked through the collar, just to the rear of the head and pincers. Live grasshoppers, beetles and crickets are also hooked through collar just back of the head.

Crawfish are best for bait when in the soft-shell state just after shedding. Other fresh water baits are: dough balls made by mixing flour with cotton and cheese; bread rolled into hard balls just large enough to cover the point of the hook; fresh cut pieces of fish, especially oily fish such as mackerel or herring or shad entrails strung on a hook. Chicken entrails and other slaughter-house remnants are fine bait for catfish and turtles. Liver is popular in some places.

Artificial lures can be made at little cost by sportsmen. Kits are available at most hobby shops on memo receipt. They include material to make large and small, dry and wet flies, streamer flies, cork bodied bugs, nymphs, and bucktails. Artificial spoons, spinners and plugs can be made by hand but they are inexpensive when purchased in your PX or nearby sports store.

Bait for salt water fishing:

The Pennywinkle or Perrywinkle, a snail, is widely distributed along the Atlantic coast, its rivers and bays. The Perrywinkle is good bait for fish with teeth such as blackfish, chockshead and cunners, porgies, grunts, sheepshead and many others. Perrywinkles can be found clinging to rocks, sea weed or grass and even on the bottom in shallow water. It is no problem to catch a quart or a bushel. To open and use for bait simply step on shell or hit with a hammer, then run one or more on your hook through the mouth just behind the head which is covered with a flat piece of hard cuticle. Perrywinkles are a tough bait, difficult to get off the hook.

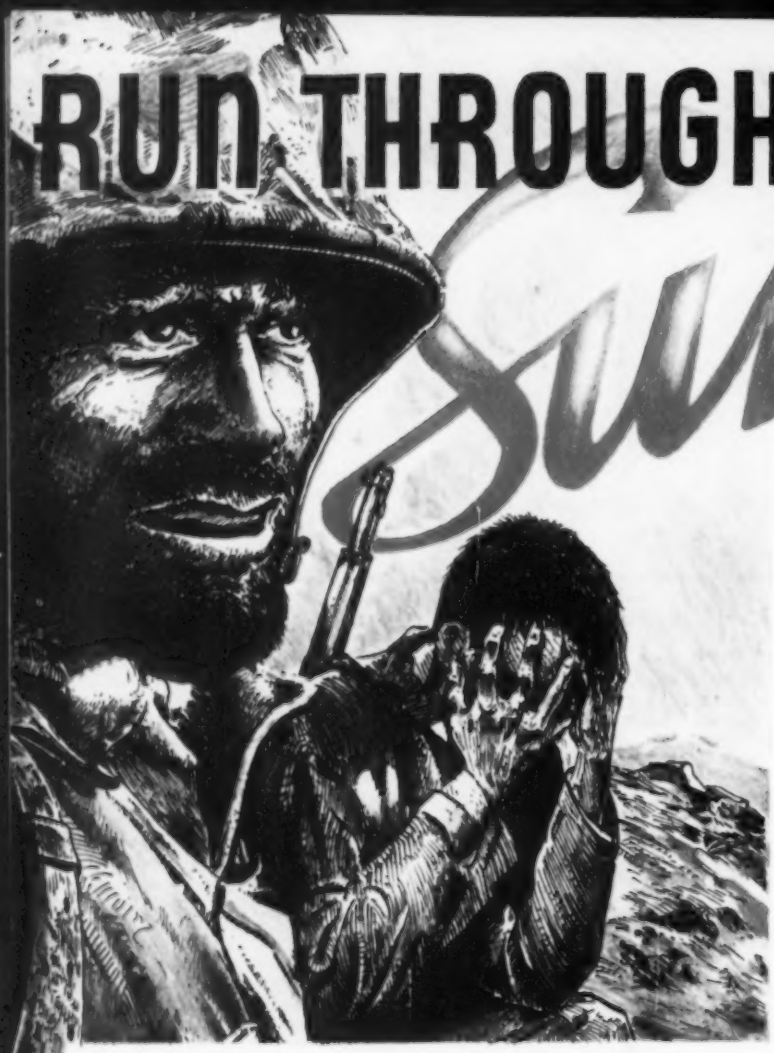
Along the rocky shore of the Atlantic the tide goes out leaving millions of tiny pools in the rocks. These pools harbor an array of aquatic life such as green and calico crabs, snails, anemonies and even small fish. It costs nothing to search these pools for bait and frequently you will find hermit crabs living in a borrowed sea shell to protect their soft bodies. In marshy spots along the coast live fiddler crabs, clams and sea worms. Bloodworms may be dug on the beaches north of New York to Canada.

Other natural baits include the blue crab of Chesapeake Bay and adjacent waters easily caught with a piece of line baited with fish or meat. The crab is pulled to the surface and is captured with a dip net by hand. When shedding its shell or just prior to that time, the blue crab is a potent bait. Soft crabs, after shedding, hide along the shores of waterways in grass beds and at the edges of piers and piling, among rocks and in holes on the bottom. Most soft crabs shed at night during the full moon period each month. The best hours to find them are right after dawn in shallow water where they may be dipped up with a net. A shedder crab or "peeler" is one which is about to grow by shedding its old shell; just as when it is about to break out it is called a "buster". In the shedder or buster state a crab makes excellent bait. For large fish, a soft crab, shedder or peeler can be floated in tidal places where the current is strong and will lure game fish, especially at night. Peeler crabs are also used, cut into many pieces of bait.

Live shrimp are a natural bait found from New York south along the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf of Mexico. Northern shrimp are known as grass shrimp or pin shrimp with one variation called rock or sand shrimp, neither exceeds two inches in length; are usually about 1½ inches, are found in shallow water along beaches and in grass beds where they hide from their many enemies. Nearly all varieties of food and game fish feed on shrimp. Grass shrimp can be used singly on the hook for bait or may be used as "chum" by dropping them into a current of water where they will be carried out and attract schools of fish, which usually follow the shrimp "line" up the current to where the angler is waiting with a shrimp baited hook. This is a method of bringing the fish to you, and the chum or throw-away shrimp is "advertising". The jumbo or Louisiana shrimp are found in southern waters from North Carolina to the south. This is the edible variety which usually grows from 3 to 9 or 10 inches in length. These large shrimp may be caught in a hand seine but so many jump over the net to freedom it is best to use a throw net which prevents escape. The art of using a throw net is acquired by experience, and a good throw net costs about $20. Grass shrimp however can be taken in a hand seine or push net made with wooden frame and a large pocket of fine mesh. The addition of a wooden or metal roller will allow the pusher to operate his net like a lawn mover in the eel grass and water chestnuts.

Salt and brackish water minnows, a favorite bait for many game fish, can also be caught with hand seines and nets. Salt water bull or "kille" minnows can be stored alive for more than 24 hours in a cigar box full of damp sea weed or grass, without water. The pikie minnow will not live without water which is frequently changed to provide oxygen. Salt water shiner minnows are extremely fragile as are small alewive minnows, sardines and pilchards. Ribbon and sand worms are not as good baits as the east coast bloodworm. Bloodworms may be cut into many pieces, which makes them an economical bait. When handling, watch out for the head which has four claws or hooks to grab the *(continued on page 70)*

RUN THROUGH THE *Sun*



As you stare up into the hot blazing sun your eyes catch fire and you cannot see

by Don Thornbury

CLAUSEWITZ wrote that war is a physical extension of diplomacy. Probably it is. But it is a lot more than that. It is the degradation and enoblement of men—a sound, a dream, a long wait, a moment of violence. Here is such a moment: you are a Marine rifleman. It is early morning. Still dark, but the rain has stopped and you hold that a blessing. The Korean hills are stretching before you and today you are going into the Punchbowl.

The coffee is whistling hot and eases the red fire around your eyes. Sleeping was cold and wet but you don't even think about it at all anymore. You think about the Punchbowl and whether you'll win today. You, meaning your squad and your platoon. Beyond that you can conceive of little. If they win, the division wins. And in spite of what the eloquent anti-war novelists have written about you, you want to win. And you know exactly why you want to win.

They call your Corps professional soldiers even though more than half are Reserves with little more than the few months under their belts. It is true that the non-coms and officers are without exception Regulars or experienced retreads from the Big Two. But that isn't what makes the difference. The difference is in your mind—in what they have made you believe, mostly about yourself. The squad is ready to move. You move.

Smitty leads you out in single file, winding and downwards. No big artillery on this one—a battalion feeler, so why get their wind up? If you have luck the division will roll in on them behind you. You take your eyes off Casey's back and look across the plain to where some patches of sun are camping. You take a deep breath and think to yourself: "Mom, we just might win this war today." She would be the last to disagree. Casey's BAR looks especially big this morning. So does his back.

Behind you, Tobey wants a cigarette. Tobey is the fire team leader and a Garand salesman too. Demonstration on request. In back of him trudges Black Benny — the squad's wildman who practically always says the opposite of what he thinks and always does the opposite of what he says. Benny from Boston—of the Rubenstein Irish.

"What a day to desert!" sings Ben.

Further back, little Joe Poorman, right from Spring Creek High—a diploma in one hand and a BAR in the other, and no beard. It makes you a little sick to realize that you don't know the others. But all seven came in wearing the green so they are good enough and you'll get to know them today. You might teach them something. It's even possible you could learn something. They are neither big nor small and not overly confused at this madness. You know perfectly well that's what it is. You knew it from the start. But you also know you can beat them and that's more important—at least now.

Sometime in the middle of the morning they shoot at you. First with a mortar and then a machine gun. But

they are way off the mark and you keep on walking. By now you are moving across gentle sloping ground and the mountains are over and around you instead of across from and below you. The ground isn't too hard and feels mushy underfoot. They shoot at you again and Smitty stops the squad. You remain standing waiting for someone to decide. A platoon runner finally arrives from the rear. Over to your far left other squads have held it up too. Smitty and the runner talk awhile and the runner takes off—to the rear.

"We're gonna take the point," Smitty says in a conversational way. "First fire team up in a wedge." That means you, Casey, Tobey, and Benny with you out in front as scout. *How about that!* you think. *Me being the point for the whole damn Eighth Army*. It's true. As the most forward man of the most forward fire team of the leading squad of the advance platoon of the forward company of a battalion combat patrol, smelling it out for the two leading regiments of the First Marine Division, you are just that. You are it.

"Never liked punch anyway," grumbles Benny over on the left of the wedge. You walk. A hundred yards—nothing happens. Two hundred yards. Three hundred. Five hundred. *Don't look back*, you think. It would be like looking down while teetering on a rail edge of the Empire State Building. But you can't resist, and you do. What you see leaves you cold even though you are walking in one of the patches of sun. You see nothing. They have deserted you—the whole Eighth Army has pushed you, Casey, Tobey, Ben out into the Punchbowl and then run off and left you. You know better though. They're simply waiting for you to start things off. You turn around and keep on going. Someone shoots at you from close up and you all hit the deck. Tobey, the fire team leader, is the first to return the fire. He fires in the general direction just once to let them know he can.

The general direction is to the left front where you see a rocky mound maybe thirty, forty feet high. You squeeze off a round from the prone at an estimated three hundred yards but they remain quiet. You all lie there—out in the open—for a moment. Quiet, sunny, warm. But there is a division behind you that can't stop because you stop. So you start to move. They throw a round into the ground right in front of your feet, and you hit the deck again. Now what? There can't be more than a half dozen Gooks on a mound that size. But they have a U. S. Marine division stopped—for a while.

"Keep their heads down, Casey," says Tobey.

"Check." Casey starts letting fly with three-round bursts right into the lip of the mound. The rest of you are on your feet and running for the boulders at the foot of Gooks' hill. You run through the sun—straight to the rocks and make it, sweating lightly. Tobey and Benny are on either side of you, already unlimbering their grenades. But they don't throw them. There is still Casey out in the grass. The three of you do the best you can from the steep angle with your M-1s. Casey is up and running towards you. Thirty yards out, his left knee seems to break wide open and he pitches forward, but the BAR is in firing position and opens up. The world explodes at your back and turns the day dark with dirt from a Gook grenade. You are tattooed with steel. The caress of battle.

The rest of the squad is chipping in from long range, but right now it's up to the four of you. Tobey heaves a grenade while you feel the blood oozing down your back. They are bouncing grenades off the rocks all around you, but Casey has managed to limp into the cover of the rocks and reaches for his grenades. You see Benny stand up and with a wild overhand throw, plant one squarely on top and in an instant it is quiet as a Sunday morning.

The four of you try to catch your breath.

"Do you think it's real?" says Benny.

"I doubt it," says Tobey. "How bad is it, Casey?"

"Left leg is out. Had to use old br'er BAR for a crutch to come that last ten miles.

"And you?" Tobey says to you.

"I won't need my back scratched for a long time, but I think I'm okay," you tell him.

"Now what?" says Casey.

"You stay put. The rest of us'll go topside."

So up you go, rifles at the ready. At the top, not much. Three dead ones but positions for ten or fifteen. Where did they go?

"Where've they gone?" you ask, and as you ask, it lands at your feet with a quiet, competent, easy plop. Tobey arrives in a step and a half, and with a sidewise motion of his foot, rolls the spluttering grenade into one of the Gook slit trenches, a full three feet away. It is all noise.

You would thank him if you had time but the Gooks are coming from where the grenade came from—the reverse slope of your hill. They are screaming and shooting sub-machine guns very much in your direction. Your guns are quick. Benny has cut two of them down before you get off your first shot. But there is not a Maggie's drawers among you and the starch is quickly taken out of their rush. The will lacking, momentum keeps them coming and they are on you and among you no matter. But they have been thinned to three; it is still a contest.

For long moments there is the sensation of struggling to free yourself from too many blankets as the now personal fight smolders in silence, broken only by the fierce, heavy gaspings for air. You are lucky and your hand wielded bayonet soon pierces the throat of your sweating opponent. In the time between the thrust and the fall you see Benny on his back fighting to keep from being strangled. In the time between the fall and your recovery of your blade, you notice the expression on Benny's face and strangely you feel he'll be all right which you know is a crazy thing to think and then you see that the Chinese soldier's hands have a firm hold and Benny's eyes are wide. Between the recovery of your bayonet and your rolling lunge toward the Chinese, you feel your back twist and a jab of pain clear to your head. You land okay and feel the blade go home and wonder how you could do it without thinking. There's a thrashing and a groan and you quickly back away and get to your knees, shaking and hurt. Benny props up on his elbows. Pain and relief are on his face. He lives. You shoot down the enemy soldier running down the mound and see him roll in a cloud of dust to the bottom and lie still. Tobey has not won. Corporal Anthony Tobias is dead in action, the knife that killed him like a cross growing out of his chest.

You look up into the sun and your eyes catch on fire and you cannot see when you look back again.

Casey has crawled to the top and seeing the dead Chinese, Benny and Tobey, can only whisper, "Oh God", and look into the sun.

Well, they come on, the rest of the squad, platoon, company, battalion and finally the regiments. The division rolls. That day the division wins because you have won.

Clausewitz indeed. **END**

Illustrated by
Sgt. Anthony J. Prizzi

a cotton tale

EDITOR'S NOTE *The news item quoted in the beginning of this story reached the desk of the Editor, THE RESERVE MARINE. The verification check with the personnel information service described here is also authentic, as is the telephone conversation quoted herein.*

by TSgt. R. B. Morrisey
Editor, THE RESERVE MARINE

San Diego, 1944—Two watchful SPs, cruising in a jeep along one of the highways leading into this liberty town suddenly pulled to the curb with a screeching halt. Standing before them was a weary, slightly bedraggled Marine pointing his right thumb toward town. His cap was tipped back on his head and his forest greens were badly in need of a few standard creases.

"Where ya headed?" queried one of the SPs.

"Dago," was the reply.

"Let's see your ID card," the SP instructed as he slid out of the jeep.

"Haven't got one," the Marine informed him with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Whatta ya mean, you haven't got one? Where is it? Whadja do with it?"

"I lost it someplace yesterday," he replied.

The SP, who had alighted from the jeep and was now standing at the Marine's side, gave him the once-over. All this told him was that the Marine was young and was a Pfc, as indicated by the single stripe on his sleeves.

The SP continued the interrogation: "What's your name, buddy?"

"Jack Rabbit," answered the Marine.

Both SPs were momentarily stunned by the words.

"Okay, okay, wise guy. What's your name?"

"Jack Rabbit," said the Marine again.

"Who do you think you're kiddin, Mac? Give us your right name or we'll run you in," declared the SP at the wheel of the jeep.

"My name is Jack Rabbit," the Marine insisted.

With that, the SPs ordered him into the jeep and shuttled him off to the Shore Patrol Headquarters in San Diego. Once again the interrogation commenced and once more they got the same answer: his name, he said, was Jack Rabbit.

Finally, one of the SPs asked the Marine where he was stationed. The reply seemed a little more sensible. He was with the Marine detachment on North Island near San Diego.

"We'll square you away once and for all," asserted the SP as he picked up the phone and dialed the North Island Air Station. He asked for the first sergeant of the Marine detachment, paused a few moments and then said, "First sergeant, we got a guy down here at SP headquarters who says he's in your detachment—claims his name is Jack Rabbit."

"Yeah," said the telephone voice, "he's a member of this outfit and his name *is* Jack Rabbit."

"Aw, come on sarge, who you kiddin'?" chuckled the SP.

"That's his name all right," repeated the first sergeant, "and furthermore, his brother's here in the same outfit—his name is Peter Rabbit."

The SP holding the phone began to laugh until the first sergeant interrupted, "And if you think that's funny, they've got a sister, 'Bunny,' stationed with the WAVES at the other end of the island!"

Washington, D. C., 1950—If you were the editor of an Armed Forces or a civilian newspaper, would you have printed this story? Undoubtedly you would have, just as I almost did. Why *almost?* Here is the rest of the story.

The article which you just read was actually published in a news-type periodical, which not too long ago crossed my desk. The story caught my eye. It was a natural. It had humor, a unique play on names and it concerned a Marine. Add a tricky headline, such as, "RABBITS ARE 'LITTER'—ALLY A PART OF THE CORPS" . . . or "LEATHERNECKS ARE REALLY COTTONTAILS," or any number of other appropriate titles, and you've got the recipe for a first class yarn.

Was the story authentic? It had been published in a regular periodical and there were no indications of a "manufacture." But, then again, it was quite a yarn and it wouldn't take much to check it through the Headquarters Marine Corps personnel information service. I thumbed down the alphabet for the phone number and dialed it.

"Personnel information service," came the greeting from the other end of the line.

"Can you tell me if we have any Rabbits in the Marine Corps now or if we had any back in '44?" I asked.

Silence.

"This is personnel information service," said the startled female voice on the other end.

Then I realized what I had said. I tried to explain simply. "I'm looking for a Jack Rabbit and a Peter Rabbit, brothers who allegedly served with the Marines during World War II. The last name is 'Rabbit.'"

Silence again.

Finally, the voice, belonging to a now puzzled young lady, told me to wait a moment. The phone still to my ear, I heard her turn and inquire, loudly, "Have we got any rabbits in the Marine Corps, or were there any during World War II?"

There was a brief calm, then giggles, then laughter—in that order. I laughed too, as I realized how it must have struck them. As the hilarity simmered down to the giggle stage, the girl continued, "He's looking for a Jack Rabbit or a Peter Rabbit." More laughter.

A few moments passed and the phone conversation resumed. She sounded still slightly dumbfounded by my query, but her voice was calm when she informed me that "there were no rabbits in the Corps during World War II, and there is only one currently on the rolls."

I led with my chin: "And what's his name?"

"Clarence—and he spells it with two t's."

END

WE-THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. J. P. McConnell

Red Cross Photo

Red Cross officials check food cases in San Francisco warehouse. UN prisoners of war are to receive packages if Reds OK the move

Packages For POWS

Despite the uncertain status of UN POWs in Korea, the American Red Cross is prepared to supply food and medical packages to prisoners as soon as an agreement on this help can be reached with the enemy.

Five thousand food packages have been readied by Red Cross volunteers and recently have been shipped to Japan.

In addition, approximately 4000 special food parcels for ill or undernourished prisoners, 15 medical kits weighing 50 pounds each, and 2000 standard food packages are already stored in Japan, ready for immediate use whenever circumstances permit.

The objective is to be ready with emergency supplies if an agreement should be reached either through armistice talks or through the International Red Cross Committee in Geneva which has been working continuously to persuade the Reds to set up channels for aiding POWs.

New Turnpike

Travel time by bus between Camp Lejeune, N. C., and New York City, has been cut almost two hours since the opening of the New Jersey Turnpike.

Trailways Bus Company operates a special Friday night express direct from Lejeune to New York and return, via the new super turnpike.

The 220 million dollar highway begins at the Delaware Memorial Bridge, and is almost a straight run through New Jersey to the George Washington Bridge. The Turnpike is a 118-mile divided highway without grade crossings. It has been designed for speeds ranging from 60 to 75 miles per hour.

Trailways has scheduled its return trip to Camp Lejeune so that Marines will arrive at 0345, plenty of time for a shower and breakfast.

Fourth Division Reunion

The Fourth Marine Division Association will hold its fifth reunion in San Francisco July 10-12, the first of the annual division get-to-gethers to invade the West Coast. Louis Ruppel of the 24th Marines, now editor of *Collier's*, has been named chairman.

President Melvin L. Krulewitch of the association has issued a call for all Fourth Division men to prepare to attend the reunion by sending their $2.00 annual dues to:

Lieutenant S. P. Hansen, Jr., USMC
Executive Secretary
4th Marine Division Association
Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps
Washington 25, D. C.

Registration headquarters will be at the Marine Memorial Club in San Francisco.

Captured Russian Field Piece

A Russian-made 76-mm. field piece, captured during the fighting in Korea, has been prominently mounted on the grounds of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

Two Marines now serving at the Academy, Captain John Mize and Sergeant Major Volna McDonald, made the landing on Wolmido Island near Inchon where the piece was captured.

This gun, according to Capt. Mize and Sgt. McDonald, fired at U. S. destroyers from the island as joint Task Force Seven commenced the invasion of Inchon in September, 1950. The gun emplacements on Wolmido were silenced by two days of heavy naval gunfire and aerial bombardment. On September 15, the Marines landed at 0600 and secured the Island before noon.

PIO, Naval Academy

South African Rescue

In Korea a Marine Corsair was shot down and landed in the waters off Wonsan. A flight of P51s, piloted by

TURN PAGE

South Africans, was diverted from its mission to search for the Marine lieutenant. Fortunately they spotted him and covered his position until an amphibian plane rescued him.

When the Mustangs returned to their base the pilots discovered that two of their planes had only 15 gallons of petrol left while two more had but five gallons in their tanks.

One of the South African airmen related the close call to the rescued Marine. Then in afterthought remarked, "No second lieutenant is worth that!"

Lt. Col. H. W. Edwards

Boot Camp Accordionist

"Paderewski of the Accordion" is the title given to Pvt. Louis Prochut, Jr., who is now undergoing recruit training at San Diego.

As a finalist in the recent Horace Heidt Youth Opportunity Program, the Yanktown, S. C., farm boy won nationwide fame for his ability with the "push box." His DIs and fellow boots are now enjoying the entertainment provided by his talents.

He was inducted into the Marine Corps shortly before Christmas after narrowly missing the $5000 first prize in the national talent search. His winnings in radio competition, nevertheless, netted him $3000.

Prochut's DI said the accordionist is adjusting himself to military life and discipline with little difficulty and "should make a good Marine."

PIO, MCRD
San Diego

Official USMC Photo

Pvt. Louis Prochut entertains with accordion which led him to grand finals in Horace Heidt Youth Opportunity program before induction

Dutch Prime Minister At PI

Netherlands Prime Minister Willem Drees was "amazed at the self-sufficiency" of the Parris Island Marine Corps Recruit Depot during a recent visit to the South Carolina base.

Dr. Drees, invited by the U. S. Government to tour this country, chose Parris Island as the only military establishment to be inspected.

A full honor guard and band were on hand as Dr. Drees and his party were welcomed aboard by Major General Robert H. Pepper, commanding general of the depot.

PIO
Parris Island

United Press-Acme Photo

First Division Marines SSgt. Kenneth Bourgeois and Corp. Lloyd S. Ward have tea with Tokyo Geisha girls while on leave from Korea

Korean Monopoly

A new twist has been added to the old parlor game of "monopoly" by Marines of Service Battery, 3rd Battalion, Eleventh Marines, in Korea.

They built a monopoly board, but instead of the regulation names of "Atlantic City," "Go," "Boardwalk," "New York Avenue," Korean names were substituted.

Since many of the men saw duty in Masan, they decided to use dance hall names instead of railroad titles. The Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, became "Dance Hall, Hit Kit" while the old B&O was unceremoniously replaced by the "Moon Palace Dance Hall and Nite Club".

Other properties have been renamed "Watch Fix Shop," "Washington Car" and "Painting Picture."

Instead of play money, the highly inflated Won currency is used.

TSgt. J. Dougherty

Corporal Wins Art Prize

Corporal James M. Joseph of Toledo, Ohio, won first prize in the "Work of Own Choice" division of the Second Annual Art Exhibit sponsored in Washington by the Marine Corps Institute.

His winning entry was drawn from sketches made during the lull of battle while serving as a mortarman with the First Division in Korea.

With the Seventh Marines he participated in the landing at Inchon and was wounded during the final stages of the Seoul operation. After hospitalization in Japan he returned to action along the northern front. Corp. Joseph drew portraits of his buddies whenever there was a break in the fighting.

The 21-year-old Marine now pursues his painting in the more peaceful atmosphere of Marine Barracks, HQMC, in Washington.

Viennese Birthday Ball

Recently, while traveling in Europe, retired Major General Keller Rockey and his wife paid a visit to the American High Commissioner in Vienna, Austria.

Strangely enough, the General relates, most of the talk centered around the Marine Corps Birthday Ball which was sponsored by the five-man Marine detachment of the legation. Although the event had taken place months before, the legation staff all beamed when discussing the formal dinner-dance which included the traditional cake cutting. MSgt. William E. Winterstein, senior Marine of the detachment, handled the sword.

The Ball was held at one of Vienna's most exclusive restaurants with an attendance of more than 80 guests, many from the legation.

According to General Rockey, who chatted with the Marines during his visit, the men consider Vienna a top duty station.

Photo by Sgt. L. S. Smith

General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., Commandant, swears in former SSgt. A. VanWinkle, Medal of Honor winner, as Reserve 2nd Lt.

Oldest Enlisted Man

Master Sergeant Paul Woyshner of the Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, now lays claim to being the senior enlisted man in the Marine Corps.

"To the best of my knowledge the retirement of MSgt. Harry Bartley qualifies me for the distinction of being the senior enlisted man in the Corps", says the 57-year-old Woyshner, who first enlisted in the Marine Corps on February 17, 1916, at New York City.

The Russian-born Marine already had a claim to fame. Once while listening to a Marine celebrating his discharge and bellyaching about the Corps, Woyshner remarked, "Aw nuts . . . once a Marine always a Marine." After that he used the slogan on posters and match covers in his duty as a publicity man. The saying, later made popular by General John A. Lejeune, is now the slogan of the Marine Corps League. The man to whom Woyshner made this remark came back to the Corps, received a commission and became officer in charge of Woyshner's section.

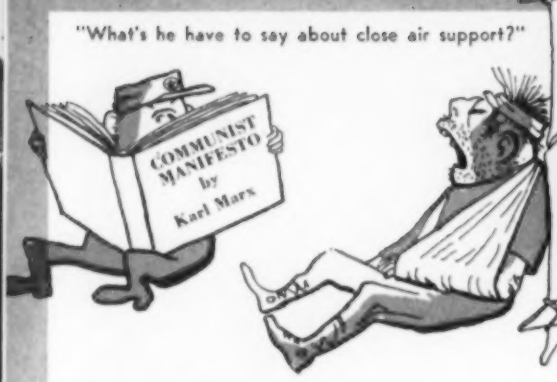
MSgt. Hugh G. Currie
PIO Sec., MCSD
Philadelphia

END

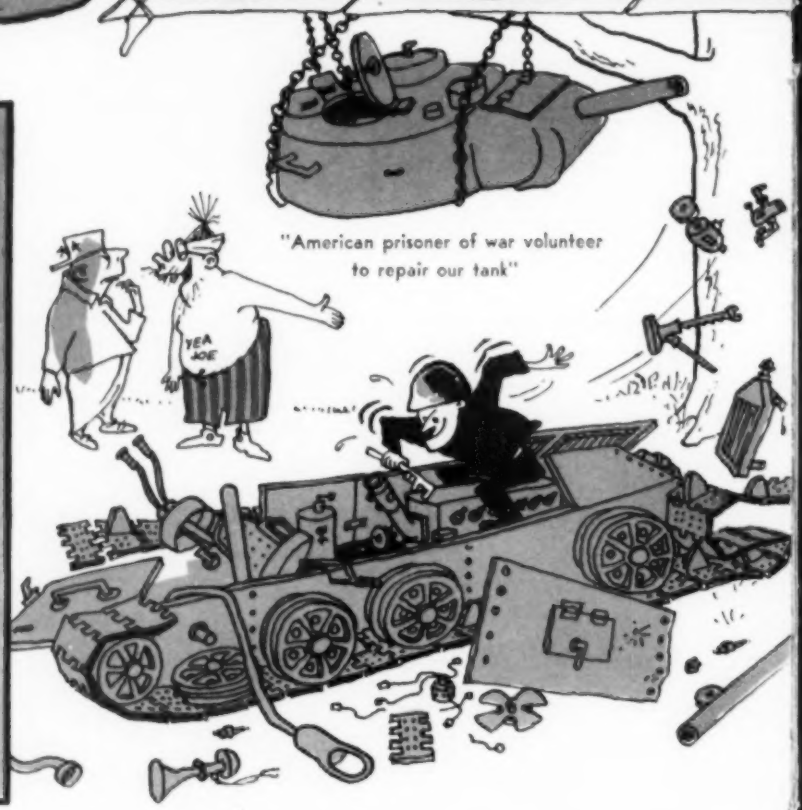
Official USMC Photo

MSgt. Paul Woyshner claims to be "senior enlisted Marine"

BEHIND THE BAMBOO



"What's he have to say about close air support?"



"American prisoner of war volunteer to repair our tank"

"Is report People's Army have American pigs on run . . ."

CURTAIN

"Is new secret weapon . . ."

"How are things up on the front, Wun Lung?"

The administrative center for Camp Geiger is still housed within a collection of one story white frame buildings. The place is quieter than it was during heyday of old Tent Camp

Thousands of dollars in renovations and a new name have changed . . .

Photos by MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

TENT CAMP TODAY

by TSgt. Robert W. Tallent
Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE wispy spirits that patrolled the untended aisles and avenues of old Tent Camp down in North Carolina must have chortled in spooky glee awhile back when they heard about the shooting in Korea. They must have realized that their vigil over the somnolent camp would shortly end. It wouldn't be long, they probably hissed to each other, before the wails and moans of outraged Marines would top the soft wheezing of coastal zephyrs coursing through rents in the battered, deserted lodgings.

They must be a bitter group of chain clankers today; Tent Camp has changed. The tents and pre-fabs have disappeared and so has the name. Last January Tent Camp was re-designated Camp Geiger, a title befitting an establishment into which $1,170,000 has been poured in improvements which have been added since May of last year. Over 90 barracks have been constructed, capable of sleeping 80 men per unit, and covering 55 acres of what was known previously as Tent Camp II. These will house a large portion of a Marine organization known as Force Troops, Fleet Marine Force, Atlantic.

The organization, reactivated in late 1950, is almost as new as the name of the camp. Force Troops is a huge outfit and while the headquarters is located in Camp Geiger, units are scattered through Courthouse Bay, Montford and Hadnot Points. The elements of Force Troops are diverse and highly specialized, their mission is of a supporting nature at Corps and Division levels. Groups range in duties from a Floating Bridge Company to Signal Operations and Air and Naval Gunfire Liaison Companies.

While these organizations are comparative newcomers to the Camp Lejeune scene, they've taken a vigorous part in all the activities of the big, sprawling base. They have toted off several honors in competition with the more elderly groups. Force Troop units won the Camp Softball and Baseball Championships last year, beating experienced intra-mural teams of the Second Division and the Marine Barracks. During the winter months FT Special Services, under Lieutenant Tom Young, organized a Force Troop Football League at Camp Geiger, the first of its kind. During the season 500 players entertained 32,000 fans.

However, in spite of the intense recreation program and ground improvements, Camp Geiger still falls a little short of classification in the summer resort category. Geiger is still the home of the boondock-wearing Marine Corps on the Eastern seaboard.

Alumni of War II Tent Camp would

TURN PAGE

This battered sign which has pointed the way for arrivals will be replaced

Main street of Jacksonville, nearest "liberty" town to Camp Geiger, resembles any other Southern city on Saturdays. Visitors usually wear greens or khaki

Corp. Bernard Fadden, 8th Engineers, puts a phone line into a supply shack

have little difficulty recognizing the place today if they were following Highway 17 in North Carolina leading South to Wilmington and Florida. The outer approaches still have the same temporary appearance. Just beyond the outskirts of J'ville a series of clapboard shacks line the right side of the road. The signs offering beer and food have aged but they're still readable. The stalls of photographers and merchants in visor caps and military odds and ends have been boarded up; they squat in forlorn silence beside the road.

Sharing the same short, weathered timber with a civilian mailbox is a tired sign reading "Tent Camp" lettered in five-inch, black letters. If you swing left at the sign you're about 200 yards from the gateless entry to the main camp. Another larger sign in traditional Marine colors proclaims the site as Corps property; a smaller sign beneath admonishes visitors to "Dim Lights When Approaching Sentry." To the right, beyond the hexagonal sentry booth, are several rows of bone-white Quonsets looking, from a distance, like orderly ranks of egg shells. Camp headquarters and the PX, beyond, are housed in a series of one story frame buildings. Across from this administrative hub is the main theater, special services and library, all contained in another frame structure. Over the tops of the buildings, extending above the entire camp like an oversized map grid, are long black pipes resting atop 20-foot poles. This is the camp's rather unique system for supplying the buildings with heat and water. While the establishment appears nondescript as viewed from Highway 17, inside the area the neatly laid walks and freshly painted buildings present a decidedly shipshape appearance.

As in War II the administrative center is the focal point of activities at Geiger, although today the scramble around this area isn't quite as frantic as it used to be. Personnel move in and around these buildings at a more leisurely gait. During the late war when the aim of Tent Camp was to train troops and get them overseas with as much speed as possible, camp headquarters more nearly resembled an assembly line in a psycho factory. In those days camp facilities were a trifle Spartan and when a Marine graduated from Tent Camp he was seldom surprised at anything he experienced after joining a combat unit. Some troops, in spite of the reasonableness of the training, had unkind things to say about the arrangement. Before long the Camp had acquired a slightly unsavory reputation—purpose and ideals notwithstanding. From the East Coast of the U. S. the rumor sped to the very beaches of Guam, Iwo and Saipan that Tent Camp shouldn't even happen to a second lieutenant.

One of the primary reasons for the discontent of the troops at that time wasn't the strenuous training or living in the tents and pre-fabs; the constant source of irritation actually existed outside of the camp boundaries. Means of transportation to and from liberty towns were practically non-existent. Housing for dependents was a bitter subject among the married men and the series of juke joints across the street from camp was nobody's idea of a happy liberty. As a result the area became vilified in lyric and letter.

Not everybody was dissatisfied with his lot at Tent Camp during the War II years. Many troubled moons have come and faded since the Tent Camp Boosters Association was first formed by a small, sturdy, but trifle unsteady band of Marines emptying lager cans one evening in the semi-wilds of North Carolina. From the first, this was a very, very small organization. Men outside of this closely knit group were not encouraged to join nor, to be exactly truthful, did non-members manifest any desire to sign up.

In forming the club they decided that all members would receive titles ranging from Supreme Exalted Commandant down to merely Senior Commander (this last appellation was given to the junior Marine present, a lately arrived private from Parris Island). The duties of TCBA officers were simple and direct. Whenever a Marine was heard bemoaning the travails of military existence at Tent Camp, the official was required to slip up behind the dissenter and mutter encouraging words like, "You never had it so good," or "Beat 'em boy," or "Semper Fi—I got mine, how are you doing?"

Whether or not this improved the lot of the gum beater is doubtful, one thing, however, is certain—as TCBA operators lost their unfranchised buddies, one by one, they were drawn closer together and as a result the TCBA had considerable *esprit*. Unfortunately the organization was rather short-lived; the members soon broke up, each going his separate way in quest of setting the Rising Sun—an occupation pursued by Marines, admirals, songwriters and generals back in 1942, 1943, and 1944.

The interim between war and police action saw Tent Camp sink even lower in military grace. Although it was the original site of Camp Lejeune, as soon as the Corps settled back to garrison soldiering, the troops moved to the more comfortable billets at Hadnot Point. For some little time the place was in what might loosely be designated as caretaker status. Tent Camp was regarded as the across-the-tracks part of Camp Lejeune.

TURN PAGE

Lone sentry handles arrivals and departures through gateless entry to camp. Sign will be replaced with one bearing the site's new name.

These 90 new concrete barracks, in old Tent Camp II, will have a capacity of 80 men each. The design was produced at Camp Lejeune

Interior of the buildings is stark and functional. Metal window frames will be easy to clean; civilian girls are taking paint from glass panes

TENT CAMP (cont.)

Is the situation today outside the immediate boundaries of Camp Geiger any different than it was in the heyday of old TC?

It has improved.

The transportation out of camp is better but the old timers at Geiger feel that an automobile down in North Carolina is about as necessary to a Marine as an MI. If a man can't catch a ride with a buddy he can get a cab to Jacksonville and from there bus connections can eventually be made to any point in the United States. Buses also tie in with National and Piedmont Airlines at Wilmington and with Eastern Airlines at Raleigh. During recent months more and more Marines have been utilizing the airway's swifter service out of North Carolina.

Housing for the married personnel is on the up-grade, but a man couldn't make cigarette money peddling For Rent signs in the area. Renting privately, outside of approved housing areas, is exorbitant. Some of the places across the street from Geiger still take lodgers—but they're no better than they were during the last war.

That battered area is still kicking feebly. In the old days it thrived on the boys making their last fling and the fact that conditions on the station were congested. Today post recreation is better and the troops have generally decided that the best policy is to stay aboard during the week to save cash, then hit the trail for D. C. or one of the larger cities on a 48 or weekend liberty.

The troops at Geiger are divided into two separate groups of thought on the subject of chow. One outfit maintains that vittles are superior to those served at Hadnot mess halls, while the other school denies it. Actually the mess setups at both places are similar and it takes a shrewd gourmet to recognize the difference.

Quarters at Geiger, as compared to Hadnot, come in for the same amount of pro and conning. Those who favor Quonset to barracks living state that fewer men to a unit makes for less congested existence with fewer police details. The malcontents claim that the huts are drafty and not as comfortable. One fact remains, however, before you can shave or shower at Geiger a stroll is necessary. This is true of the new barracks area as well.

The barracks are considerably more solid and weatherproof than the Quonsets. Constructed of concrete almost throughout, with peaked asphalt roofing, they offer more room than the rounded tin billets. The design for these barracks was conceived by Naval architects in the Design Department of Public Works at Hadnot Point.

Within the next few months thousands of Marines will be making Camp Geiger their temporary CP. They'll have an easier time of it than their brethren of a few years back. Aside from the post chores, like security and minor maintenance, the men will be working at on-the-job-training for Force Troops. Even the Corps' air department is getting in the show. Activities at Peterfield Point, one mile from the camp, are picking up again and there will be several hundred aviation personnel quartered in Camp Geiger by the end of May. The combat conditioning courses and the shipside mockups are still gathering rust and mold, a problem about which the lower paygrades do not worry.

No, it isn't Tent Camp anymore—and nobody's sorry. **END**

This summer the airfield, located on the outskirts of Camp Geiger, will be bustling with activity as new units from Cherry Point arrive

The deep thinkers at Geiger prefer the library to the theater next door

Photo by H. G. Colson

RED K.E.7 MG

by Roger Marsh

FOR many years, China — whatever its government has been — has bought great quantities and many varieties of arms abroad.

The present government, the "Chinese People's Republic," has fallen heir to this accumulation of weapons. The more modern arms have been used to equip first-line C.C.F. Troops — the "People's Liberation Army" — while older equipment, including many odd-lot rifles, has been handed down to the militia for training.

With limited manufacturing facilities at home, it was natural that the China of the past should turn to foreign countries for the arms which she needed, and she found many companies ready and eager to fill her orders.

One of the first firms to benefit was the Mauser organization which supplied great numbers of rifles and of "Mauser Military" pistols of 1895 pattern. Another firm supplying weapons was the Belgian F. N. Company.

The Danish Industry Syndicate (formerly the Danish Recoil-Rifle Syndicate) sold Madsen light machine guns to China. Later China bought Brno light machine guns from the Czech Brno plant which also supplied a few ZH29 semi-auto rifles.

In this group of weapons makers who have supplied arms to China is the Swiss Neuhausen firm, more properly known as S.I.G. (Schweizerische Industrie-Gesellschaft) located in Neuhausen am Rheinfall. Their K.E.7 light machine gun has turned up in Chinese Communist service.

The K.E.7 is a recoil-operated, air-cooled light machine gun fed from box magazines holding 25 rounds of standard 7.29-mm. service ammunition.

This weapon weighs just 20 pounds with full magazine and bipod and it is 47.3" over all. Its cyclic rate is listed as 550 RPM.

The arm will normally be encountered in service as a machine rifle or light machine gun, fired from the shoulder, bipod (or bipod and butt support) or slung as in assault fire. The arm is full-auto only, so the bipod is the most likely to be used.

When the gun is used to provide sustained supporting fire, a special mount is supplied. This, in effect, converts the K.E.7 into a medium machine gun. This type of mount was apparently originated by the Danish D.I.S. firm for its Madsen gun. It consists of a heavy tripod with attaching clamps which grasp the barrel guard and butt of the gun. Elevating and traversing mechanisms are built into the mount, which weighs about 26½ pounds.

Operation of the arm is easy. A loaded magazine (magazines may be loaded by hand or with a special loader) is placed in the magazine recess ahead of the trigger guard and is pressed fully home. The operating handle on the left side of the receiver is drawn to the rear and pushed forward.

The arm is then ready to fire. Pressure on the trigger will deliver full-auto fire at 550 RPM. The fired cases are ejected from the right side.

The K.E.7 uses the 7.29-mm. service cartridge, standard in China for some 60 years. It has about the same power as the standard U.S. military rifle cartridge but is slightly shorter.

The easiest way to put the K.E.7 out of action is to capture it and take it along. If, however, you have to abandon the arm and want to make sure that it won't work again, try to wrap the barrel guard around a tree or rock. If you can't bend it, pull the operating handle back and fire an armor-piercing bullet — this type of ammo is now standard—into the ejection port back toward the bolt face. This should "rearrange" the works sufficiently to put the arm permanently out of action.

Of course, there is always the danger when using this disabling technique that you will get a ricochet or bullet spatter coming back at you. But, after all, in that spot you're not exactly waiting for a street-car anyway! **END**

Retreat, Hell!

Frank Lovejoy (second in file) leads the Marines in the film version. Many of the men who appear in the movie have returned to the States after months of service with the Corps in the Korean fighting

The role of the Inchon sea wall is played by a California cliff. Marines found the landing realistic, but safer in movie combat

A GROUP of Marines from Camp Pendleton rated the unique distinction of having fought the Korean war twice. Although onetime veterans said it was "impossible," a full length explanation came to light when Warner Brothers released its new movie, "Retreat, Hell!"

Filmed in the foothills of Pendleton's mountains, "Retreat, Hell!" used Marines of the Third Brigade (now the Third Division) to portray the factual story of how the U.S. Marines, and their allies, broke out of the Communist strangle hold in Korea during the winter of 1950. Many of the Marines in the picture are the same troops who fought in the Chosin-Hamhung campaign.

Principal parts in "Retreat, Hell!" are played by Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Rusty Tamblyn and Anita Louise. The picture was filmed for Warner Bros. by Milton Sperling's U.S. Pictures. **END**

Richard Carlson (standing) and Frank Lovejoy give convincing performances; jeep Marines are type-cast. Things are different in Hollywood wars—the script always determines how the battle is fought

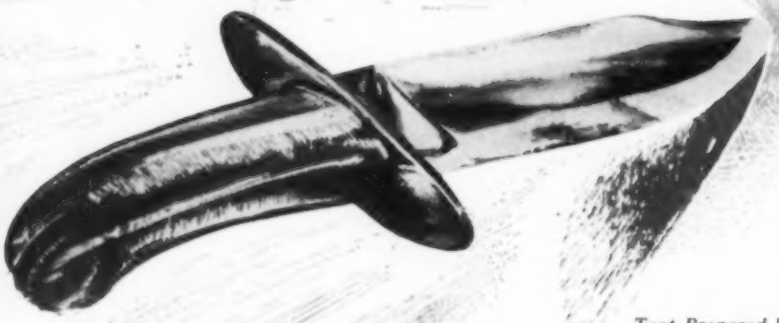
Warner Brothers' production, "Retreat, Hell" gives Marines a chance to reenact the bloody Chosin-Hamhung battle for Hollywood cameras

Marines of the Third Brigade—and Frank Lovejoy (hand on jeep—drive off a "Communist" attack in Pendleton's foothills

END

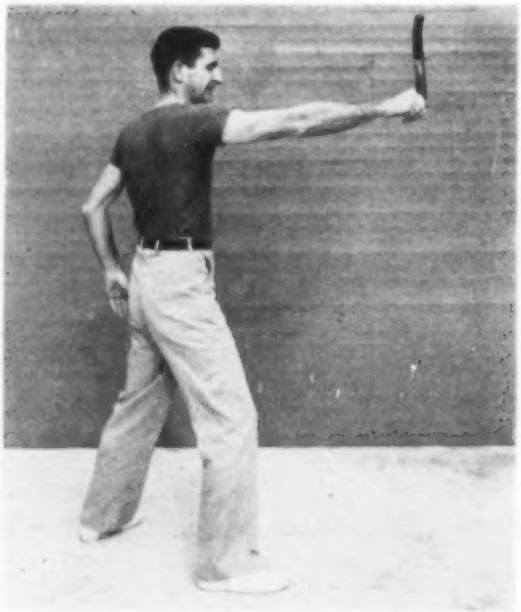
KNIFE THROWING

by John J. Styers



Text Prepared by Karl Schuon

ONLY a few of the local boys around Times Square noticed that something was missing. The lights on the Palace Theater sign had gone out. Backstage, the old doorman paused for a last, wistful glance at the darkened house; then he picked up his coat and shuffled through the stage door, locked it for the last time, and stepped sadly into the alley. The Palace had closed; vaudeville had died.



The end-over-end technique. Line up on the target, your arm fully extended, your knife held vertically

Draw knife well back, keeping the wrist straight and the forefinger pressed firmly against the blade

The years which followed left only memories of the acrobats, the ventriloquists, the jugglers, the wire-walkers. But those who mourned vaudeville seldom mentioned one of its most gasp-provoking acts—The Knife Thrower.

The closing of the Palace had been a symbol, it had meant the end of one night stands and split-weeks in the provinces; it had meant that a lot of little boys wouldn't go to bed nights, dreaming about a new ambition—to become knife throwers.

The fascinating desire to throw a pointed knife across a room and make it stick in a solid surface is a natural inclination, but this urge was always stimulated by the glamorous knife throwing act; a roll on the drums, colored spotlights, glistening blades flying through the air, outlining a pert lass in a spangled costume posing against a wooden backdrop. The man in the satin shirt never missed; every knife he threw pingg . . ged into the board point-first—and stayed there!

Ever wonder how he did it?

Well, here are practical principles based on the science of professional knife throwing:

THE END-OVER-END METHOD

The END-OVER-END-METHOD, used by the professional knife thrower, is the most accurate of the three knife throwing techniques; gratifying results may be obtained quickly and safely by observing its easily mastered principles.

The Grip

Raise the right forearm until it is parallel with the ground. Make a natural fist with the *knuckles* UP. Now place the knife VERTICALLY between the thumb and forefinger. If the knife has only one full cutting edge, this edge should face FORWARD.

Straighten the forefinger, vertically, along the right side of the blade and adjust the knife up or down with your left hand until your right forefinger is level with the point of the blade. Clamp the blade tightly against the forefinger with the thumb.

Your blade is now VERTICAL to the FOREARM, well secured in a UNIFORM manner, and you are ready for *the throw*.

The Throw

From a pistol shooter's position, RIGHT FOOT FORWARD, extend the RIGHT ARM, full length in the direction of the target. Be sure that the knuckles are UP; the blade is VERTICAL; the wrist is STRAIGHT and LOCKED. From this position draw the blade back to the right side of your head. Do NOT develop a BEND IN THE WRIST or in any way change the position of the knife in the hand.

You have now LOADED your weapon, COCKED it, and are ready to FIRE.

Thrust the right arm out, STRAIGHT AT THE TARGET, allowing the blade to leave the hand BY ITSELF. This action is FAST, consequently, natural errors can bring about early disappointing results. The following instructions will help to *prevent* or *correct* these errors.

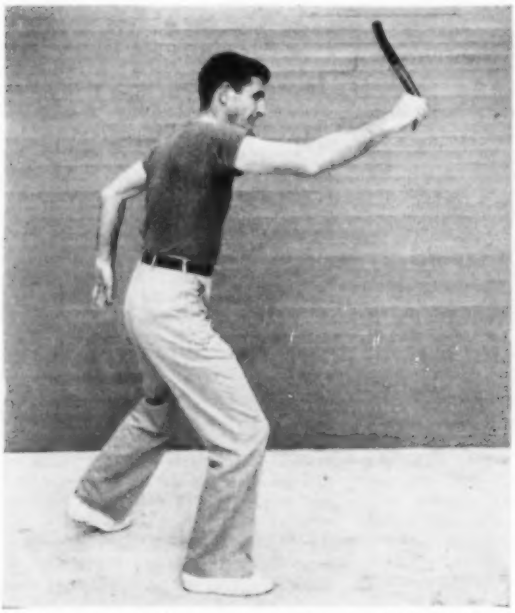
When you thrust your arm at the target, be sure that you are making a FULL THRUST. Do NOT try to apply any WRIST ACTION to "help the blade." The arm when fully extended will stop abruptly, causing a *natural whipping* action of the FIST. This action plus the WEIGHT of the blade, will make the blade leave the hand in a uniform manner EVERY TIME if it is *unassisted* by anything other than VELOCITY.

The foregoing instructions should give you consistent results within the first five minutes of practice, provided, of course, that you are throwing from the *correct* distance. When you find this correct range, put a marker on the ground as a guide. Later, with practice, you will SEE the proper range of ANY TARGET, and you will be able to adjust your throws accordingly.

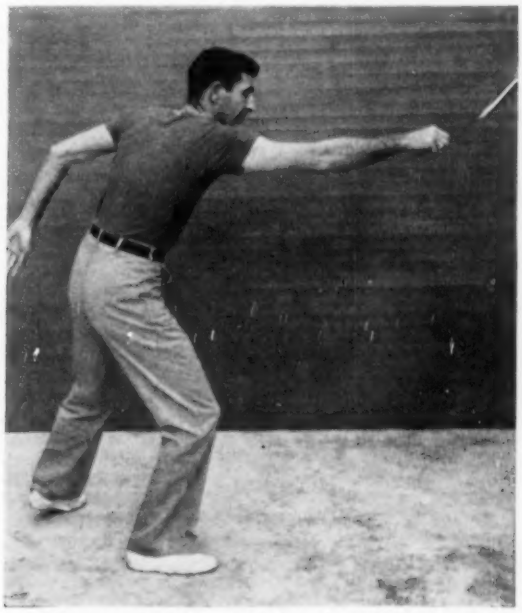
Your Guide For Distance

If you are using a blade with an

TURN PAGE

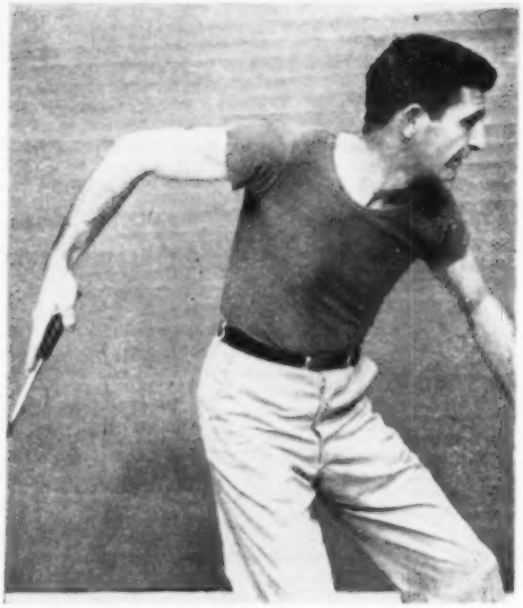


Thrust the knife arm vigorously straight forward to target, keeping blade at right angle to forearm



When arm is fully extended in thrust, knife leaves hand automatically. A wrist snap results in a miss

The point first technique. Knife lies in the palm, thumb is hooked over handle, keeps knife in place



Keep the wrist straight as you draw the knife well back. Straight line from the point of knife to elbow

overall length (including handle) of approximately 12 inches, you will stand about *six feet* from your target. If the blade is longer, step back a few inches. At this range, your blade will revolve three-quarters of a full turn from the time it leaves your hand until it strikes the target.

If, after a few perfect throws, the handle of your knife strikes the target in a downward position, you are TOO CLOSE. Move back a few inches.

If your knife consistently strikes the target with its handle facing UP, you are TOO FAR from your target. Move in a few inches.

If you throw according to these instructions you will gain consistent accuracy, your blade entering the target perfectly each time, and you will be controlling the handle well at short range.

After mastering this range, you may wish to double the distance, ADDING ABOUT ONE FOOT to take care of the ADDITIONAL quarter of a turn. Do NOT advance to this range until you are capable of controlling the handle angle with ease at the *shorter* range.

You need NOT have a professional "balanced" throwing knife to achieve satisfactory results; with this technique you can throw practically anything that has a point. Although thrown in the manner prescribed on these pages, such items as ice picks, bayonets or letter openers will *each* demand their proper range.

A balanced throwing knife can be compared to match ammunition, but ANY knife can be thrown with moderately accurate results.

THE POINT-FIRST METHOD

Unlike the theatrical knife thrower, the early frontiersmen and gamblers of the gold rush era threw their knives POINT-FIRST. This method is very effective at close range and the EXACT RANGE is *unimportant* because the knife does not TURN after it leaves the hand.

The Grip

Raise your right forearm until it is parallel with the ground. The fingers are *extended* and *joined;* THE PALM UP: the wrist STRAIGHT. Now place the handle of the blade in the palm of the hand, the point of the blade ON A LINE with the elbow. The handle rests in the palm, forming an extension to the forearm.

Without disturbing this line-up, secure the knife in this position with the THUMB. Merely move your thumb over to the handle and press.

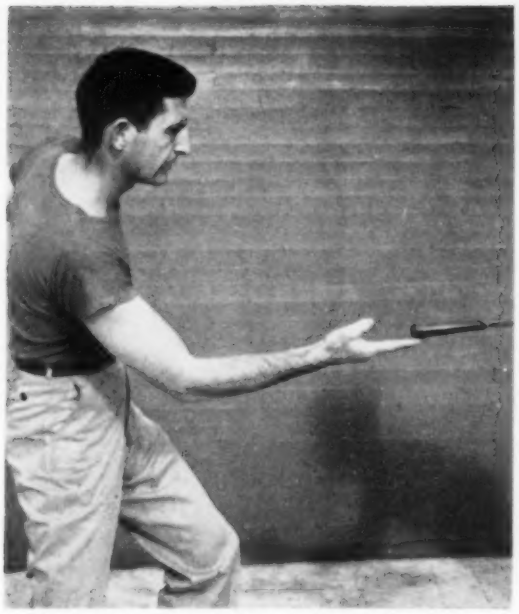
You are now ready for *the throw.*

The Throw

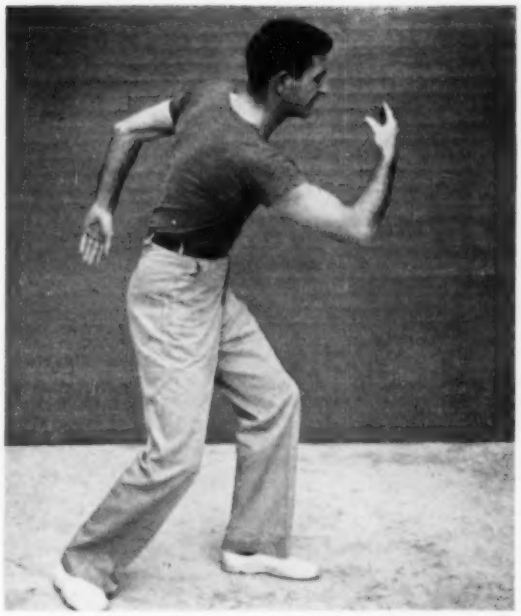
From a LEFT FOOT FORWARD position, draw the knife WELL BACK. Be very careful that you do not upset the ALIGNMENT or the STRAIGHT WRIST. You are now ready to RIFLE the blade to the target with a forward whip of the forearm. SNAP the forearm forward in a direct line to the target, channeling the blade to the target without WHIPPING the FINGERS or the WRIST.

ALLOW THE BLADE TO LEAVE THE HAND BY ITSELF. Eventually, after a little practice, you will be able to automatically release the thumb pressure at exactly the right moment. Don't try to SHOVEL the forearm straight out from TOO HIGH A LEVEL. This will cut down on your velocity. The proper level to obtain maximum results will be approximately eight inches below the belt line.

DON'T try to draw the forearm straight back, horizontal to the ground, and PUSH forward. When drawing the blade well back for the throw, it should be poised about 12 inches behind you, on your right side, your forearm and blade, point down, almost vertical to the ground. From this position you RIFLE the blade straight for the target WITH NO FINGER OR WRIST ACTION. When completing the throw, *follow through* with your arm. In whipping the blade forward your forearm will not be horizontal until the last moment. This follow-through is very helpful in controlling the course of your blade.



The knife hand is rifled forward in a straight line toward the target. Wrist and fingers remain firm



The knife leaves the hand horizontally. Attempts to guide knife with a wrist action will foul accuracy

Practice

Start your practice throws CLOSE to the target. After you have achieved consistency at close range you may increase the distance and work for accuracy.

If your point shoots UPWARDS, striking with the handle DOWN, you have either WHIPPED with your FINGERS OR WRIST, or you have released the blade TOO LATE.

If your blade strikes with the handle UP, you have released the blade TOO SOON.

If your blade strikes with the handle RIGHT OR LEFT, it is possible that your blade was NOT in a STRAIGHT LINE with your forearm in the beginning.

A HEAVY blade is preferable for this technique; light blades respond too easily to any error you might make.

The blade for POINT FIRST throwing should have a smooth handle. Knobs or other irregularities will hinder uniform throwing.

There are no minimum or maximum ranges for this technique. Your primary object is to make the blade fly through the air STRAIGHT—and with VELOCITY.

When you have mastered "sticking" the blade at a *given* range, you will be able to detect and correct your errors by MOVING BACK BEYOND your effective range. At greater range, slight errors become more obvious.

THE OVERHAND METHOD

THE GREATEST VELOCITY will be obtained from this technique. The knife shown in the illustrations has completely pierced a truck body and penetrated a one-inch oak panel when thrown at its *natural range*, approximately 12 feet. This range is desirable but not absolutely necessary.

The Grip

Grasp your knife with the right hand as you would for a knife fight, and throw it from this grip—the fingers wrapped around the handle, the thumb on top, THE SABRE HOLD.

The Throw

With your LEFT foot forward, merely throw the knife as you would a baseball, following through with a right step forward and a full natural swing. Unlike the baseball throw, you will add no intentional WHIP. In this technique you will adjust the knife and your DISTANCE to conform with your own NATURAL throw.

If you fail to achieve consistency at your natural range it is likely that you are adding an unnecessary wrist snap. If you have a NATURAL WRIST SNAP it will be included in your natural throw and will give you no trouble.

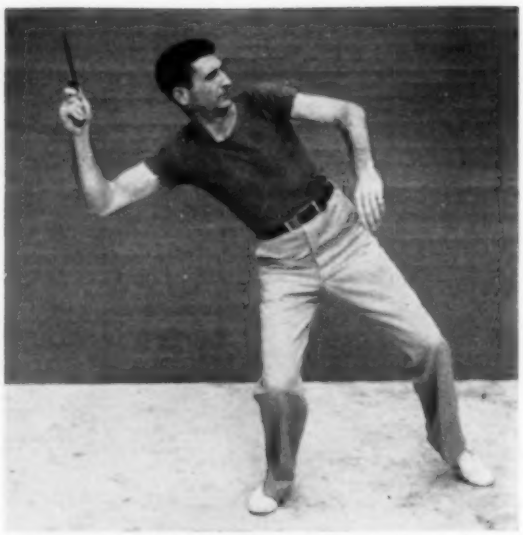
The handle should slip out of your hand smoothly, the blade making ONE FULL TURN in the air. The 12-inch knife shown in the illustrations will make one turn and strike point first at a 12-foot range when thrown by the author. This same blade, when thrown *naturally*, in the same manner by someone else will make that same turn from anywhere between 11 and 13 feet. YOU WILL HAVE TO FIND YOUR OWN RANGE FOR THE KNIFE YOU ARE USING.

In throwing there is little possibility

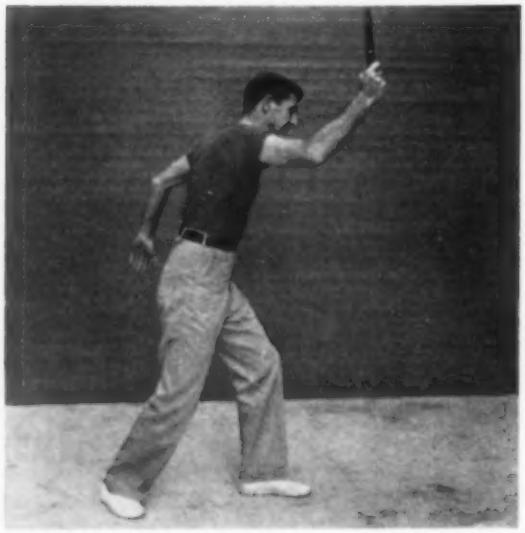
TURN PAGE

This article on knife throwing, an excerpt from the forthcoming book, *Cold Steel*, is the final condensed chapter in the series published in Leatherneck. Excerpts which appeared previously were "The Bayonet," "Knife Fighting" and "The Stick." *Cold Steel*, a complete, illustrated manual on close combat techniques, is presently being printed and will be available for purchase about April 15.

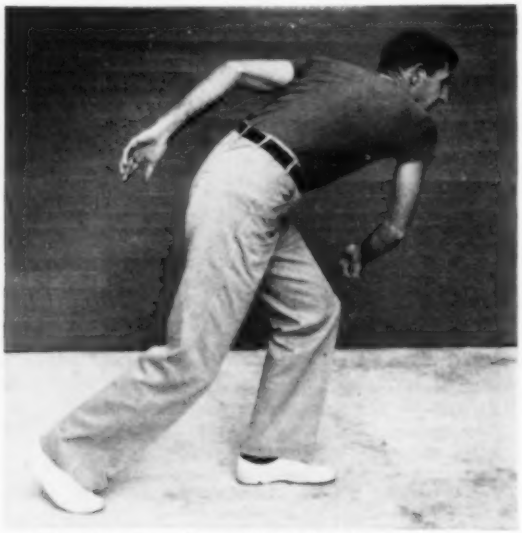
The overhand method. Knife is held by the handle, fingers wrapped tightly, thumb placed on the top



The wind-up is identical to the baseball throw. Full power and velocity can be obtained in this method



The blade is propelled to the target with a natural overhand throw. Release knife without wrist snap



Complete your throw with a full and natural follow through. Concentrate on target when you find range

that you will cut yourself if you are using the proper grip.

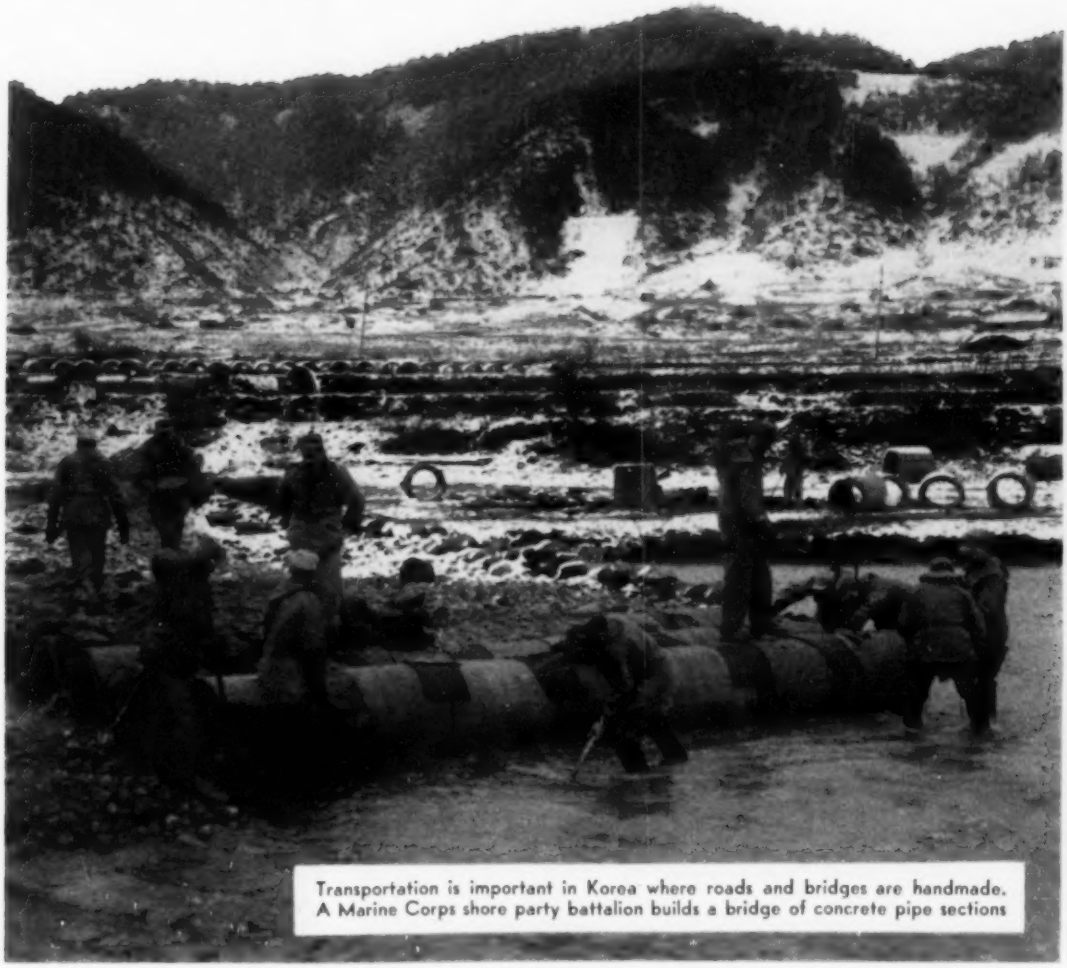
It is advisable in this technique to have a knife with a smooth handle. If a bayonet is thrown in this manner, many complications can be avoided by holding the handle FLAT in the hand, with the small knob or cutting edge to the LEFT. The grip is the same, thumb on top. When the knife is thrown, the flat side of the handle will slip along the fingers.

If you are unable to achieve consistent results, look to your basic swing as well as to the wrist. The swing should be a full overhand throw with follow-through.

IN THE PRACTICE OF ANY OF THESE TECHNIQUES, safety precautions must be taken. A bad throw means a ricocheting blade—and ricocheting blades are treacherous. Knife throwing can be a lot of fun, but it can be a very dangerous pastime.

The "point first", knife throwing frontiersmen and gold rush gamblers are gone these many years, but the old Palace Theater has opened its doors again to big time vaudeville; maybe the forgotten art of "end-over-end" knife throwing behind the footlights will have a rebirth. Then, too, there's always television . . . **END**

Dateline Korea-



Transportation is important in Korea where roads and bridges are handmade. A Marine Corps shore party battalion builds a bridge of concrete pipe sections

Edited by
MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.

Michener in Korea

"THE average front-liner is a well-informed and practical individual," declared James Michener, author of *The Tales of the South Pacific*, during his three day visit with the First Marine Division. The noted Pulitzer prize winner is currently visiting the forward area, seeking information for a report on what the average American fighting men on the static war front are thinking. Michener spent three days with the Marines and questioned more than 300 men in the forward area.

"Contrary to popular belief", Michener claims, "the men doing the fighting in Korea have a fairly thorough understanding of present conditions and 'pretty well' know their part in American History at this point. They know why we are in Korea and don't feel that the nation has let them down."

During his visit all along the UN

TURN PAGE

front, he found the men noticeably more intelligent on these points than most Americans he had met in Tokyo and New York. Michener said, "I can report that everybody that I met had an understanding of the problems at Panmunjom." More than half of the Marines to whom he talked were in favor of forcing the Red negotiators into an early agreement. If that failed, Michener reported, they favored attacking all along the front. The author found the older men more conservative in their opinions. "Their optimism for a quick agreement was more evident than that of the younger men without family responsibilities," said Michener.

Photo by SSgt. Charles B. Tyler

Messmen of the First Marine Air Wing in Korea got a break when Col. E. P. Pennebaker and Maj. J. R. Moore took over for a day

Red Racketeers

A FIRST Division Marine revealed recently that his father had received several ransom notes from the notorious Communist Chinese Government demanding money in return for "protection" of his grandmother, aunt and uncle now residing in South China.

The Marine, who must remain unidentified, said that the notes, addressed to his father in San Francisco, started asking for a few hundred dollars for his relatives' safety. But similar stories from fellow American families indicated that the fee guaranteeing their safety would be increased.

The Marine's grandfather, once a leading figure in the Nationalist government as a district magistrate, passed away some time ago of "causes unknown".

His father, now in the process of obtaining American citizenship, has already paid off some of the demanding notes.

The Chinese-American community in the Marine's home state, is organized spiritually, but not politically, and is powerless to cope with this serious problem affecting many of its members.

The young Marine, a native of San Francisco, spent seven years in China living with his grandparents. Before joining the Marines last January, he had attended high school and junior college in San Francisco.

Pacific Stars and Stripes

Photo by TSgt. Frank Sewell

Sgt. Frederick W. Mausert was killed in action after single-handedly attacking two enemy bunkers on the hill at the north end of this bridge

Egg-Frying Colonel

"SCRAMBLE 'em," mumbled the sleepy Marine Pfc as he pushed his mess tray up to the field stove.

"Thanks, Mac," he said a few minutes later as the eggs were slid onto his tray.

Suddenly the Pfc recognized the cook—and dropped the tray. The cook smiled at the startled private and continued filling orders.

The smiling cook was Colonel Edward P. Pennebaker, Commanding Officer of a Marine Control Group in Korea. The colonel had taken over the job for the day and his staff members were filling the messmen positions.

"It was our way of giving the cooks and messmen a well deserved holiday," explained the colonel. "We arranged with the mess officer to take over for a day. We started cooking at 4:30 a.m., and by 7:30, when chow call goes, we had found that there is more to cooking than meets the eye."

Second Lieutenant Virgil C. Gregory, the group mess officer, complimented the high ranking crew. "They did a fine job," he said. "If there were any complaints about the chow that day, we didn't hear them."

Photo by Corp. William Goodman

Pfc Robert Utter demonstrates inventive genius for keeping warm. Stove was built from 60-mm. mortar cans, shell casings, and tubing

Aiding the egg-frying colonel were: Lt. Col. Robert R. Davis, Lt. Col. Hensley Williams, Major Clinton E. Jones, Major Jack Moore, Major Ernest L. Dowell and Capt. George R. Pillion.

Corp. J. J. Richards
First Marine Air Wing

Mother's Overstay

THE Korean War is the least of Corporal Johannes Meulenkamp's worries. The government he's fighting for is giving him a bigger headache. Uncle Sam is deporting his mother.

Meulenkamp, a member of a First Marine Division reconnaissance company, was alarmed when he received word of his adopted country's deportation notice.

Maria Louwerenburg, the young Marine's mother, was notified recently by the United States immigration authorities that her visitor's visa would expire in May. After several extensions, they refused to renew her permit and were deporting her to the Netherlands. She has been living in Mill Valley, Calif., since her arrival in the States in 1948.

Corp. Meulenkamp's entire family has exhausted all efforts in effecting a delaying action. They have met with failure in their attempts to have the immigration authorities' decision reversed.

The Marine himself isn't an American. He had to fight through a huge block of red tape to enlist in the Marine Corps so he could participate in the Korean war. When the Korean fight broke out, Meulenkamp went to the Marine recruiting office in San Francisco and tried to enlist. The recruiters were forced to turn "Dutch" down since he was not an American citizen. Meulenkamp took his plea to the immigration authorities. They found a way for him to enlist. First, they told him, he'd have to take a trip outside the United States before being allowed first citizenship papers. "Dutch" took a week's jaunt to Canada.

In January, 1951, Meulenkamp's first citizenship papers were approved and he was allowed to enlist in the Marine Corps. Six months later he was in Korea fighting for his country.

Meulenkamp spent his youth under the Nazi occupation. He survived the occupation and has come through the Korean fight without a scratch. Now he faces, the biggest headache of them all—the deportation of his mother. He's hoping someone in America can arrange to keep his mother in the States until he's rotated.

Pacific Stars and Stripes

Tragic

REACHING a battle unit by phone in the Korean war zone is a fantastic procedure—and the call signs used would have a Stateside operator in a straight jacket.

Recently, a phone conversation originating at the First Marine Division C.P. sounded something like this:

"Hello, Tragic? Gimme Clutch, please."

"Sorry, sir. Clutch lines are busy. I'll give you Shift and you can reach Clutch through them."

"Shift? Clutch, please. Hello, Clutch! What? No! This isn't Magic it's Tragic. Yes. Tear - Roger - Able - George - Item - Charlie—Tragic! Oh, you *are* Clutch. Sorry — Gimme Gin. Gin? Gimme Wonder. No, not Thunder, WONDER!"

By now, the caller is screaming into

TURN PAGE

Photo by First Marine Air Wing

Left to right: Corp. H. Richards, Corp. J. Irwin, Corp. M. Watson, Corp. D. Mattews raise the Lone Star banner somewhere in Korea

Photo by TSgt. R. E. Oland

Pfc Alfred Lee has more time in Korea than anyone else in the 1st Mar. Div. Lee lived there 17 years, now serves as an interpreter

the receiver—the phone lines extending over rice paddies and mountains won't have it any other way.

"This is Teardrop, sir. Have you finished? Have you finished?"

"TEARDROP! How in 'ell did I get Teardrop? I was working on Gin—I mean I was talking to Gin."

"Gin? You reach them through Tragic, sir."

"I know. I KNOW! But what the hell happened to my call for Gin? I placed it a long time ago."

"Sorry, Sir. I'll give you Tragic right away, Sir."

"Hello, Tragic? (there is a hoarse quiver in the caller's voice) Please. Please try awfully hard to get me Gin. This IS Tragic!"

TSgt. Gary Cameron
1st Marine Division

For security reasons we have substituted fictitious call signs for the ones which are actually used. The real signs are similarly fantastic.—**Ed.**

From 'Way Back

AFTER a recent front-line movie, many Marines of the First Marine Division were convinced that "Gunner" Frank Rentfrow is indeed an old-timer from the "old Corps."

As Warrant Officer Rentfrow emerged from the movie tent a fellow officer called out: "Good movie, huh, Gunner?"

"Oh, not too bad," replied Rentfrow. "For a talkie."

1stLt. Bob Grey
PIO, 1st Marine Division

While You Wait

THERE are numerous tales concerning the ability of the Marine to make himself comfortable in a battle zone. Here's one about a couple of Marines who helped to make a lieutenant comfortable!

A visiting officer from another unit came into a front line photo unit out of the rain. He was drenched.

"Get out of those clothes, lieutenant," suggested a sergeant, "and stand by the stove. We'll dry them out for you."

Fifteen minutes later, as the officer huddled in his bare skin beside the heater, the sergeant returned with his uniform carefully dried and *pressed!* His underwear and sox were in the same shape. The lieutenant stared in disbelief.

"Where did you get a laundry unit this far forward?" he asked.

"Field expedient," replied the smiling sergeant. "We just ran your clothes through our photo print dryer!"

1stLt. Jack Lewis
First Marine Air Wing

Transformation

IT was almost like a back-alley garage in a large metropolitan city over Stateside. The personnel carrier truck skidded from the icy road into the motor pool and crunched to a stop.

A mechanic was waiting with a portable paint spraying outfit and as the driver leaped from his seat the nozzle in the painter's hand began to phiz a "familiar" color of paint all over the original tan finish.

Another mechanic stood by with the proper stencils, numbers and insignia, and a can of bright yellow paint. Anxiously glancing down the road, he kept mumbling, "C'mon, c'mon, we ain't got all day—they're liable to be here any minute."

A half hour later the group stood around admiring their masterful transformation. Their triumph, however, was short-lived.

A jeep pulled into the motor pool. A stone-faced officer, wearing the gold

Photo by MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.

Corp. Richard Byram completes brief call to his mother in Chicago. Conversation from Tokyo was recorded and filmed for TV program

oak leaves of another branch of the service approached the truck, lifted the hood and checked with paper in hand. "Yep," he said to another officer in the jeep. "This is it."

Then turning to the innocent looking group, he added, "Too bad, men; better luck next time."

As the other branch of the service drove off with the truck, the spray gun man said, "Oh well, we ain't out nothing but paint."

MSgt. Spencer Gartz
1st Marine Division

Two Star Sergeant

STAFF Sergeant Charles B. Tyler snapped a salute to Major General Gerald Thomas as the latter halted before him.

"Going up front, boy?" the general asked. "Take my helicopter, it's going back there."

As the general, who had just turned over command of the First Marine Division to Major General John T. Selden, boarded the aircraft that would start him Stateside, the sergeant climbed into the helicopter which bore the general's two stars of rank.

"The pilot forgot to remove the stars and was a little embarrassed when I reached the command post," said Tyler. "When we landed, I was met by all of the general's aides, who thought he had forgotten something and had returned to pick it up.

"You should have seen their faces when a mere sergeant climbed out of that big, transport helicopter."

1stLt. Jack Lewis
1st Marine Air Wing

UP—Acme Photo

Falling snow didn't stop shapely actress Jan Sterling from putting on her act during a USO show for men of the 1st Marine Division

Pancakes

IT all started because Sergeant Richard L. Gunder and Pfc Donald Dull didn't like the pancakes they were turning out. The flapjacks were like miniature manhole covers. Regardless of what they did, they always seemed to end up with heavy hotcakes. So they sat down, and by candle light, dashed off a letter to Betty Crocker. They explained that they had used all the ingredients they thought were necessary but somehow the results were always disappointing.

What, they asked, were they doing wrong?

Betty Crocker immediately sent them a quantity of pancake mix, powdered milk, syrup, sugar, salt, powdered eggs, flour, shortening and a recipe covering the nomenclature and assembly of the flapjack. She thoughtfully added two fruit cakes.

She explained patiently that perhaps a mess gear full of bacon fat was not exactly the proper thing to use unless, of course, they *liked* French Fried pancakes. Nor was a shoe arch support the proper utensil for flipping the finished product.

The boys wrote again thanking the gracious lady who informed them that she was dedicating a program to them and their culinary capers.

Gunder and Dull were relieved for a few hours on January 2 and heard the program in the radio shack within gunshot of the front lines.

They were mighty pleased when Betty Crocker had Gloria DeHaven dedicate two songs to them. Their original letter as well as a telegram from their parents was read during the show.

Incidentally, Gunder and Dull's unit now boast the best flapjacks in the First Marine Division.

MSgt. Clayton Barrow
1st Marine Division

Improvisations

THE Company Gunny was a regulation guy. Things were done by the book whether up front or back in reserve.

As he headed for the mess tent for early chow, he noticed the galley crew lined up at attention and the mess sergeant going down the line, stopping and addressing the men—executing his movements with precise officer-of-the-day facings.

"What the hell is that Gizmo pulling off there, an informal guard mount?" he muttered.

He edged closer to do some silent checking on the correct formality; then turned and walked away muttering choice, profane language.

The mess sergeant had merely replaced the standard guard mount lingo, "Commander of the Guard, Sergeant of

TURN PAGE

Photo by SSgt. R. H. Mosier

The 3d Battalion, 1st Regiment, 1st Marine Division, pauses to honor fallen comrades at Memorial services somewhere in the Korean hills

the Guard, Corporal of the Guard, third relief," with his own improvisations—"You, serve the soup; you, the beef; you, the spuds; you, the vegetables; you, the bread; you, the joe."

MSgt. Spencer Garth
1st Marine Division

Easy Cure

A STIFF wind was blowing across the black Korean waters as Captain Arthur W. Rawlings brought the transport helicopter slowly down out of the darkness.

On the lighted deck of the hospital ship, the officer helped unload the two wounded Marines he had flown in from the front lines in the night evacuation.

As he watched Navy hospital corpsmen carry the stretchers away, a doctor looked at him with a note of concern.

"You don't look well," remarked the surgeon. "Did you have a rough trip coming over the mountains?"

Rawlings shook his head. "Gotta get off this damned ship," he muttered. "I'm getting seasick!"

1stLt. Jack Lewis
1st Marine Air Wing

Furnished?

IF Communist forces plan to repeat last year's drive against UN forces, Marines have a surprise for them.

The Marines plan to stay.

Captain Olen Price, a Marine pilot now serving as a forward air controller with the ground Marines described the manner in which front line Marines were dug in.

"I found one bunker that looked like a Far Eastern Waldorf-Astoria. They had the dirt walls lined with ponchos, photos of Marilyn Monroe were pinned all over the place, and woven straw mats were spread over the dirt floor."

"They even made me take off my shoes outside before they'd let me in!"

1stLt. Jack Lewis
1st Marine Air Wing

Eye-to-Eye

WHEN Sgt. Olen Parker dropped his watch recently, he had no idea that it would result in one of the biggest scares of his life.

As he stooped to pick up the ticker he heard a soft noise above him. He straightened up to investigate the sound and found himself looking into a pair of yellow-green eyes.

Parker exchanged stares with a Korean wildcat for several seconds. The cat was the first to move. The big animal, undoubtedly frightened by the sudden encounter with the battle-weary Marine, headed for the hills.

"All I've got to say is, if the cat hadn't shoved off, you can be sure I would have," the sergeant said later. "Chinese and North Koreans, OK. But I never signed no papers to fight wild animals."

Sgt. Walter J. Henderson
1st Marine Division

Sorry, Wrong Language!

CORPORAL Maurice J. Golbus isn't talking about his latest conversation with a Korean Marine lieutenant—in fact his face has a rosy tint.

Sent to a Korean Marine artillery unit recently, Golbus carried his camera along to snap a few pictures of the big guns firing.

When the battery was about to go into action, he called to the native lieutenant in charge:

"We take picture—before guns go boom-boom — you tell me — okay? I speako, you understand?"

With a toothy grin the lieutenant answered.

"Yes, sergeant, I understand. I will let you know just prior to having the lanyard pulled for the next mission."

TSgt. Garry Cameron
1st Marine Division

Reunion

IT'S not often that you can return from a patrol in Korea and find a member of your family waiting to visit you, but that's exactly what happened recently to Navy Hospital Corpsman third class Robert Teeter.

Teeter, a Marine infantry company corpsman, was on patrol when his CO informed him that a helicopter would arrive in a few minutes to pick him up. Teeter was confused until he reached the company's rear area. His father, Seaman Ray Teeter of the USS *Wisconsin*, was waiting.

The chain of events started when Seaman Teeter requested permission from the *Wisconsin*'s skipper to go ashore to visit his son who was serving with the Fifth Marine Regiment. A few days later, the ship's PA system announced that Seaman Teeter was to report for an airlift ashore.

Ashore, he hitch-hiked a ride on a mail truck to his son's outfit. On arrival, he was told that Corpsman Teeter was on patrol and wouldn't return for three or four days. Seaman Teeter saw the chaplain, who presented the problem to the regimental commander. Corpsman Teeter was airlifted to the rear for probably the biggest surprise of his life, a reunion with his father in Korea.

The elder Teeter, a 45-year old barber by trade, first entered the Army in 1923 and was discharged in 1926. When World War II broke out, "Pop" joined the Navy and served aboard an aircraft carrier while his son was serving with the Marines as a corpsman. When the war ended, both Teeters were returned to civilian life. Ray went back to barbering while Bob attended college.

When the Korean war broke out, the Navy recalled Bob from the Naval Reserve and sent him overseas as a hospital corpsman with the Fifth Marines. "Pop" decided that if they needed his son, they could use him too. Back in the Navy, he was assigned to the *Wisconsin*.

MSgt. John P. Sheehan
1st Marine Division
END

Mitzi Gaynor

The best things in war...

. . . aren't free. Use them wisely, don't hog them, your buddy may need what you're wasting

by Lieut. Col. A. J. Roose

LITTLE boys ask for nickels for their third ice-cream cones in one day only to have their inconsiderate parents inform them, "Money doesn't grow on trees!"

Well, neither does the gear, boys—neither does the gear.

You've aged considerably since that trite expression of the value of money was given you and by experience you've learned that the nickel cone is now a dime and the dime beer is now 20 cents—and further, that both the supply of nickels and dimes, ice-cream and beer can run out. Translated into Marine lingo "the amount of cash that Mama and Papa Taxpayer can muster to furnish bullets and beans and the amount of metal for mess kits and

M-1s is limited so don't hog it all.

Headquarters Marine Corps recently published General Order No. 88 which emphasized the need for Supply Discipline. This General Order, since it involves a word common in the military, namely discipline, does not demand that you stop eating, shoot only when you see the whites of the enemies' eyes, or drop dead before you'd ride in a 6x6 with your threadbare dungarees and soleless shoes flapping in the breeze. The order merely requires that all Marines use good judgment in the use of the materials and equipment with which the people of this country have entrusted them.

There is no doubt that the liberty uniforms purchased with Corporal Glotz's cash clothing allowance and even the 1951 convertible owned exclusively by Master Sergeant Saltspray will be well taken care of—but what about the organizational gear of the outfit?

Typical comments such as these are prevalent throughout the Corps "Throw out those bent knives and forks—the mess sergeant can draw new ones" or "if you think I'm going to roll that wire back on that reel you're crazy"—and "back in LA they called me Hot Rod Harry—watch this jeep do 70." No thought is given to the fact that Reclamation and Salvage can repair the mess gear; that wire is expensive, hard to get, and bulky to ship; or that humans and jeeps are difficult to overhaul and will last longer if given proper treatment.

One of the greatest hazards in amphibious landings in the past has been the danger of falling over gas masks, water cans and discarded packs at the beachhead, and perhaps stabbing oneself on someone's rusty bayonet. But no one really cared because it was easy to draw a new gas mask and pack. Everyone admits that much wasting of supplies occurs in combat, considerable wastage is also found elsewhere in the Corps. Everyone talks about it—and something *can* be done about it. That's the reason for General Order 88—a simple notice to officers and to all Marines that the Old Gray Mare pulling the supply wagon ain't what she used to be.

We rarely left our pay lying around on a locker box where the bunkmates could temporarily borrow some of it without leaving a receipt. And since supplies are money in a different form it takes a bit of security enforcement to insure their being around when required. Obviously, the best way to be certain of the availability of supplies already on hand is to keep a watchful eye on them at all times.

Another aspect of being economical with supplies has to do with hoarding. The civilian type folks at home who are known to have an extra tire, a basement full of bourbon, or an extra cup of sugar are called all sorts of names by the troops. However, the colonel who demands six months of tank parts when he rates two; or the supply sergeant who thinks it might be nice to provide two suits of new dungarees per man, per day, both think they are building morale. Little do men realize that because of these acts it is impossible for other Marines to get the tank support for which they call—and they blame their quartermaster because they don't realize that fellow Marines are hoarding the gear! Be it regimental commander or runner, major or master sergeant, the above series of remarks were not written in an effort to appeal for contributions to more needy warriors than themselves—but merely to drag another old chestnut from the adage book—"Share and share alike"—or order according to your allowance, not your desires. It may sound weird; but the replenishment rates are more often correct than incorrect and were designed for and by Marines both for combatant and non-combatant activities.

The shotgun which you use to stand that damnable four on and eight off watch on post gets a fast pass with the oily rag and back into the guard property. The shotgun you have at home, used for personal bird hunting, gets the loving care only bestowed on a treasured possession. No difference in the guns; but, "one is mine and if ruined I'd have to buy a new one," the other—"well—all of us at the barracks use it—and Uncle Sam has millions." Or does he?

Enemies of our government have been brought to trial and sentenced for sabotage and yet, unwittingly, acts of sabotage are committed in the ranks everyday. We can all buy a gallon of oil but we can't all own an oil well, simply because there aren't enough wells to go around. And possibly if the wells run dry our gallon will be cut to a pint, and then to nothing. Even the owner will have to do without. The same is true of supplies, and is mentioned not as a threat but as a fact. The source can dry up. The source from which this great nation manufactures military supplies can wither and die. The sabotage then, comes as a result of wasting natural resources—animal, vegetable or mineral. Waste on our part now helps the enemy a great deal more in the long run than does a few victories on the field of battle.

Here are a few simple rules which can be applied to carry out supply discipline:

DON'TS

1. **Don't request supplies if they are not needed**—If they are in excess; it's that much more to lug around and account for; besides you're hoarding.

2. **Don't waste the gear**—Beef or bazookas—your buddy might be short if you do.

3. **Don't allow your equipment to run down—maintain it properly**—Improper care may result in a costly shortage. The cost of new equipment gets higher daily—who pays? Eventually you do—through increased taxes. If in combat—maybe with your life.

DO'S

1. **Do your part to observe Supply Discipline**—If you're in command—know your authorized allowances and stick to them; if you're the sergeant advise the need of Supply Discipline—chastise where necessary; and if you are "Joe Private" act as though you personally owned the gear—in a way you do.

2. **Do—conserve, maintain, safeguard, and salvage supplies**—This idea isn't something the Marines dreamed up to show their ability to get along with less and thus become classed as being more

rugged than ever. Rather it is a form of self-imposed rationing advocated by all services and a necessity for the country as a whole—sure it's tough—it always has been tough to be a model of discipline—a Marine. But unless we practice the same sort of thing with supply it can become tougher. **END**

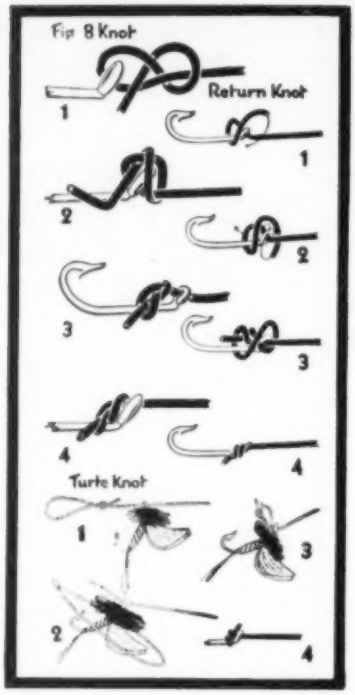
BAIT YOUR HOOKS

[*continued from page 39*]

unsuspecting fisherman's hand, usually in a tender spot. It hurts, but has no after-effect. Fish like the head best because it contains the blood sac.

Squid is a tough, inexpensive bait for deep sea fishing and surf casting. You must buy squid from commercial netters who get this bait far off shore in the ocean. In fresh or frozen state the squid is ripped open and prepared for bait by splitting and cleaning out the pen and ink inside. It is then skinned and the remaining white flesh is cut into pyramid shaped pieces. The finished bait should be well salted and sealed in a jar to prevent spoiling, which occurs quickly in warm weather. Salt also toughens the bait, so that it will not drop off hook or be stolen easily by fish.

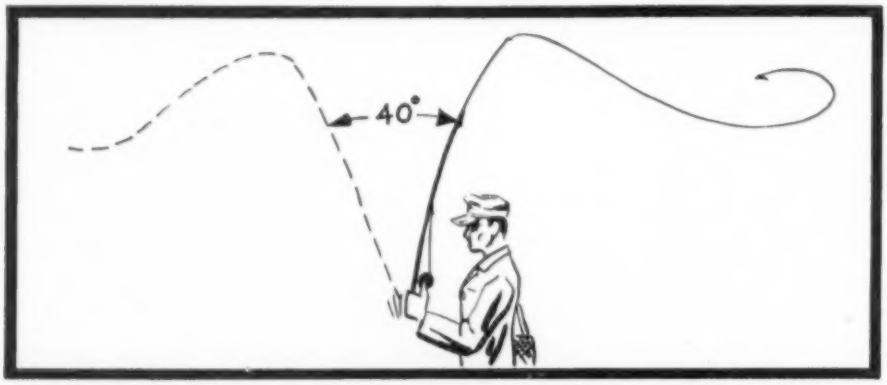
Cut fish for bait is very popular at most fishing points. The oily fish are best. Among the choicest for bait is the moss bunker, an inedible variety of fish, which spoils quickly. It should be salted immediately unless the angler plans to grind it and make an oily chum to attract fish in a tide rip or strong current. The southern mullet is good to eat or for use as bait by surf casters who spend several days camping along the Atlantic beaches without



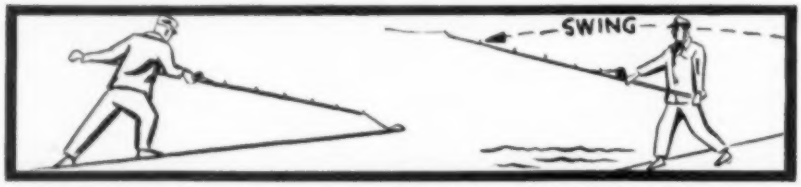
ice. Use this preserved bait and keep a box of corned mullet, which lasts indefinitely.

Other cut fish baits include: Norfolk Spot, bluefish, bonito, mackerel, tuna, herring, butter fish and whiting. Strange as it seems, prize fish such as striped bass, croaker, white perch, flounder and many other edible varieties are worthless as bait for anything but crabs. In southern waters, bonefish, ladyfish, grunts, schoolmaster, yellow tail and barracuda are used as baits. Tough strips of barracuda belly, bonito belly, whole bonefish, mullet, herring, flying fish and blowfish belly are used for trolling baits on the high seas. Cutting a piece of fish bait into a trolling lure is a fine art along with sewing a minnow or whole fish onto a hook for bait. The realistic action of the lure depends entirely on the way the bait is cut and fixed to the hook. In Florida and the Gulf waters a piece of rock lobster or southern crayfish is fine bait. Whole crabs, hard or soft shell are also popular with the fish.

East coast Marines are lucky; they have plenty of variety in fishing grounds and fish. So, don't growl, Mac, when the old man hands you your orders. Chances are he's sending you where the fish are biting. Pack along some fish hooks and check on the local sports possibilities. You'll never know how much fun you can get out of fishing until you try it. **END**



Before starting the overhand cast, grasp line and raise the rod to a vertical position. When line straightens out in back, snap your wrist forward, aiming above the target



Starting position for side arm cast: left hand high on butt, right hand low at reel. Finish: bait sweep in high arc. Angler pushes with right arm, pulls with left

BULLETIN BOARD

1000 Commissions Open

The Marine Corps recently announced plans to obtain 1000 officers from the enlisted ranks.

All commanding officers have been instructed to recommend applicants, regardless of rank, who measure up to certain standards.

Most of those to be promoted are senior non-commissioned officers who have approximately 10 years service and who are veterans of WW II. Also eligible are younger Marines with less service who are college graduates or have demonstrated by tests the attainment of an education equivalent to college graduates.

The senior non-coms promoted will, in most cases, be given temporary commissions in the Regular Marine Corps. Younger men will be given Marine Corps Reserve commissions.

At present some 85 per cent of all Marine officers have had enlisted service.

WO Vacancies

According to Headquarters, vacancies exist in the grade of warrant officer (W-1). These openings are due to the current expansion of the Marine Corps.

The Commandant desires that these vacancies be filled.

Applications for appointment to warrant officer (temporary) are invited from master sergeants and technical sergeants of the Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve who meet the following requirements: a. must be U.S. citizen; b. must not have reached 45th birthday by 30 June 1952; c. must have a GCT score of at least 105; d. must have been on active duty a minimum of one year immediately preceding 30 June 1952; and e. must be physically qualified to perform duty in the field.

Marine Reservists who seek appointment must agree to serve on extended active duty for a period of not less than 17 months from date of acceptance of temporary appointment unless sooner released or appointment is terminated for cause.

For further information and sample application blank see Marine Corps Memorandum No. 120-51.

Hazardous Duty Payments

Marine Corps Memorandum No. 8-52 contains information which will aid commanding officers in dealing with requests for applications from members of their commands who are seeking retroactive incentive pay for duty involving "demolition of explosives".

According to the Memorandum, commanding officers, in the absence of specific supporting information, are authorized to accept an affidavit when executed by the individual claimant as sufficient evidence that demolition duty was performed. A sample affidavit form is included in the Memorandum.

Marine Shirts

The Secretary of the Navy has approved the style and color of the Marine Corps tropical garrison and cotton khaki shirts as standard wear by Naval Officers and Chief Petty Officers.

This does not imply obsolescence of the present stock of shirts on hand for Naval Officers and Chief Petty Officers. However, all future procurement of shirts for wear by Naval Officers and Chief Petty Officers should be in accordance with Marine Corps Uniform Regulations.

MCI Desires Instructors

Applications are desired continuously from qualified enlisted personnel for duty as instructors with the Marine Corps Institute, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Personnel desiring this duty should have a minimum of 15 months obligated service on the date that application is made. Applicants must be of good military bearing and should be at least 70 inches in height; however, the height requirement may be waived when the applicant is otherwise qualified. Personnel will not be ordered from overseas stations for this duty; however, applications from personnel currently overseas will be retained at Headquarters Marine Corps, for consideration upon return of the applicant to the United States. Applications should be submitted to Headquarters (Code DFB) at an early date stating the full qualifications of the applicant, the job title for which application is made, and the name of the college or university attended if applicable.

For list of job titles and requirements see Marine Corps Bulletin No. 21-51.

Campaign Monographs

The Government Printing Office has recently published two more monographs of Pacific campaigns which were prepared by the Historical Division, Headquarters Marine Corps. They are "The Seizure of Tinian" and "Marine Aviation in the Philippines".

Copies of the monographs may be ordered directly from the Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

The following list of monographs is now available at the prices quoted:

"The Defense of Wake" (M209.2:W-13) $1.25

"The Battle For Tarawa" (M209.2:-T17) $1.50

"Marines at Midway" (M209.2:M58) $.50

"Bougainville and the Northern Solomons" (M209.2:B66) $2.00

"The Guadalcanal Campaign" (D-214.2:G93) $4.25

"Saipan: The Beginning of the End" (D214.2:SA2) $3.25

"The Assault on Peleliu" (D214.2:P-36) $2.50

"The Seizure of Tinian" (D214.2:T-49) $2.50

"Marine Aviation in the Philippines" $2.50

Purple Heart veterans of the Naval service wounded in the campaign covered by a particular monograph are entitled to a gratuitous copy upon request to the Historical Division, Headquarters Marine Corps.

Platoon Leaders' Class

The Marine Corps is attempting to enroll 2500 undergraduates before May 15 for its Platoon Leaders' Class.

After attending six week courses during two summers and obtaining baccalaureate degrees, platoon leader graduates are given Reserve commissions.

END

CASUALTIES

Marine Corps casualties, dead, missing and wounded released by Marine Corps Headquarters from January 2, 1952 to February 6, 1952

DEAD

ALABAMA
WOOD, Wallace N., Capt., Union Springs

ARKANSAS
STRICKLAND, Jimmie A., Corp., Black Oak

CALIFORNIA
CARMICHAEL, Gerald J., Pvt., W. Los Angeles
MITCH, Donald G., Corp., Long Beach
SCHWARTZ, Charles C., Capt., Long Beach

COLORADO
FLOREZ, John F., Pfc, Grand Junction

CONNECTICUT
DEL VECCHIO, Dominic J., Sgt., New Haven

GEORGIA
KETCHERSID, Glenn M., Corp., Rock Springs

ILLINOIS
KRANTZ, Marshall E., Sgt., Chicago
NADELHOFFER, J. D., Capt., Lake Villa

KANSAS
HERTEL, C. F., Corp., Hanston
STONER, Milton E., Corp., Kirwin

MICHIGAN
WARNER, Bruce H., Pfc, Lansing

MINNESOTA
MORE, Marvin D., Pfc, Mapleton
ROGALLA, Albert J., Corp., St. Paul

MISSOURI
SUMPTER, J. E., Pfc, Grain Valley

NEBRASKA
LONGBRAKE, Duane E., Corp., York

NEW JERSEY
CRUSER, Robert J., Pfc, Hamilton Square

NEW YORK
BOURG, Thomas J., Pfc, Syracuse
CONNORS, Harry R., Pfc, Long Island
SCHOLL, Herbert L., Pfc, Brooklyn

NORTH CAROLINA
WATKINS, George R., Pfc, Smithfield

NORTH DAKOTA
BERG, John A., Pfc, Grand Forks

OHIO
CASTLE, F., Sgt., Dayton
CLARK, Gordon W., Pfc, Massillon
GERKEN, George W., Pfc, Lancaster

OKLAHOMA
ARMENTROUT, L. H., III, Pfc, Oklahoma City

PENNSYLVANIA
VENDITTO, John R., Corp., Allentown

TENNESSEE
BOWYER, John D., Corp., Kingsport

TEXAS
MICHELL, Henry M., Pfc, Dallas
THORNTON, Kenneth A., Pfc, Corpus Christi

VIRGINIA
HOUSE, James J., Sgt., Norfolk

WEST VIRGINIA
MITCHELL, Ancil A., Sgt., Charleston

WISCONSIN
LOOKER, N. P., Pfc, Kenosha

MISSING IN ACTION

CALIFORNIA
CLINNIN, Walter A., Capt., Corona Del Mar

GEORGIA
THRASH, William G., LtCol., Atlanta

MARYLAND
MAY, Charles W., Col., Harlock
SREBROSKI, Joseph L., Pfc, Baltimore

MICHIGAN
DUBAY, Robert P., Sgt., Memphis

MINNESOTA
MAJOR, George, Major, St. Paul

NEW YORK
RIBBECK, Lester A., Pfc, Akron

OREGON
SMITH, Leonard L., Pfc, Eugene

WOUNDED

ALABAMA
GRIFFIN, Charles S., Corp., Gadsden
PEARSON, Cecil A., Pfc, Pisgah

ARIZONA
HARPER, Thomas E., Corp., Tucson

ARKANSAS
CADY, Charles B., Sgt., Bryant

CALIFORNIA
ARNOLD, Charles E., Pfc, Lindsay
BRAVO, Octavio N., Pfc, Colfax
CARPENTER, Fred E., Jr., HN, Porterville
ARECHAVALA, E. A., Pfc, San Francisco
CONSTANTINE, Frank K., Pfc, Bell
CORLISS, Melvin A., Corp., Chico
COWGER, Harold L., Pfc, Compton
ENGLAND, Thomas W., Corp., Oakland
GORE, Gordon De Leon, Corp., Whittier
HALE, Charles D., Pfc, Salinas
HAMM, Raymond J., Sgt., Los Angeles
HARDY, Brooke W., Corp., San Francisco
LOPES, Thomas, Corp., San Leandro
MARKS, Alvin, 2ndLt., Los Angeles
MARSHALL, Thomas J., Pfc, Albany
MARTINEZ, Manuel M., Pfc, Quincy
McGLOTHLIN, Joe H., LtCol., Santa Ana
McGUFFIN, J. R., Corp., Santa Monica
MURPHY, John D., Corp., Dulzura
OAKS, Joe E., Corp., Bakersfield
PEREZ, Carlos, Pfc, Los Angeles
PETERSON, Donald L., Corp., Fresno
SAIA, Joseph F., Pfc, Sacramento
SCHNEIDER, John T., Corp., Salinas
STUEBING, Robert F., Major, Corona Del Mar
SUTTON, Deverne M., Pvt., Redding

COLORADO
HALLS, T. K., Pfc, Rye
STARLING, Clyde R., Pfc, Englewood

CONNECTICUT
EMERSON, Gary D., Pfc, Danbury
GUERRERA, Frank, Jr., Pfc, Waterbury
RENKIEWICZ, Norman G., Pfc, Meriden
WARKOSKI, J. J., Corp., Bristol

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
McGOWAN, Paul A., Pfc

FLORIDA
ANDRE, John W., 1stLt., Miami
ELLIOTT, Donald D., Corp., Tampa
KOSKI, Hugo A., Corp., Miami
TALIAFERRO, Thomas C., Jr., Corp., Tampa
THOMAS, Charles E., Pfc, Sanford

GEORGIA
FLOURNOY, William E., Corp., Columbus
GRAHAM, James F., Pfc, Eastman
HURT, Toulman W., Jr., Corp., Athens
MATHIS, George M., 1stLt., Graymont
POWERS, R. E., Pfc, Chatsworth
WRIGHT, Daniel E., Pfc, Rome

ILLINOIS
BRAUN, W. G., Jr., Corp., East St. Louis
DEXTER, A. E., Pfc, Victoria
DIAMOND, Rufus F., Pfc, E. St. Louis
ELLIS, Michael W., Pfc, Chicago
KLOD, Daniel L., Corp., Mundelein
LANDERS, William M., Sgt., Henry
LATHAM, Ernest C., HN, Harvey
PARROTT, Robert A., Pfc, Peoria
WHITE, D. J., Sgt., Rockford
WHITEHEAD, Henry L., Corp., Granite City

INDIANA
ARNOLD, D. E., Corp., Indianapolis
COLLINS, Robert W., Pfc, Muncie
LAUCK, John H., Capt., Indianapolis

IOWA
BARTELS, Richard G., Pfc, Maynard
BLOCK, W. H., Pfc, Rockwell City
DECKER, Dale, Sgt., Council Bluffs
KNEDLER, Stanley B., Corp., Ottumwa
KNIGHT, F. E., Jr., Pfc, Ottumwa
KREMER, Alfred A., Pfc, Independence
LESTER, Rex E., Corp., Collins
SOUTHWORTH, James V., Pfc, Laurens
RATTRAY, Owen T., Corp., Beaman
VICKERS, Harley R., Pfc, State Center
WEIR, Samuel, Jr., Pfc, Gilman
WILSON, Russell P., Corp., Anita

KANSAS
FAIRCHILD, M. W., Pfc, Leoti
HUNT, R. K., Pfc, Lenexa
VAN GUNDY, Eugene A., Major, Osborne

KENTUCKY
EASLEY, D. H., Corp., Kitts
REED, Kenneth H., Corp., Louisville
SMITH, Walter R., Corp., Trom

LOUISIANA
GIBSON, Robert Lee, Pfc, Baton Rouge
GUNN, James B., Jr., Sgt., New Orleans
KING, R. E., Sgt., Baton Rouge
THORNE, Stanley R., Sgt., Harahan

MAINE
FRANCIS, Eugene J., Corp., Perry
PARENT, Donald W., Pfc, Augusta
STEEVES, Charles F., Pfc, Bangor

MARYLAND
LIVINGSTON, Gordon M., 2ndLt., Annapolis
RODEN, John P., Capt., Tall Timbers
STEPPE, Paul A., Pfc, Jessup
WAGNER, Harold L., TSgt., Hyattsville

MASSACHUSETTS
CAWLEY, G. M., Pfc, Roslindale
COLLERAN, R. E., Pfc, Boston
KIRBY, R. A., Corp., Brookline
LOWE, G. E., Pfc, Malden

MOULTON, Robert T., Pfc, Worcester
PALIZZOLO, W. V., Pfc, South Boston
SCHUBACH, Harry F., Sgt., Williamsett
SOUZA, Raymond, Pfc, New Bedford
WHITTAKER, Arthur, Pfc, Chicopee

MICHIGAN

BEDERKA, Albert P., Sgt., Detroit
BOWDEN, Clinton E., Pfc, Ferndale
COLEMAN, William F., Pfc, Detroit
FITZGERALD, John J., Sgt., Flint
HANSON, William J., Pfc, Detroit
LILLA, Donald E., Sgt., Detroit
MURPHY, Thomas J., Pfc, Flint
ROBERTS, John W., Pfc, Dearborn
SAWDON, Edwin G., Corp., Port Huron

MINNESOTA

BETZLER, Ralph C., Pfc, Hasty
McCORMICK, Donald W., Corp., Faribault
SMITH, Thomas C., 2ndLt., St. Paul

MISSISSIPPI

MEIER, Allen R., Pfc, Ocean Springs

MISSOURI

BAXTER, B. F., Pfc, Bowling Green
BRAUSS, Orville W., Capt., Florissant
FOX, Ralph J., Corp., St. Louis
GENTRY, C. W., Jr., Pfc, Sedalia
NIEMEYER, Robert W., Corp., St. Louis
SPURGEON, Frank J., Corp., Independence
TOOLEN, John E., Pfc, St. Louis

MONTANA

MAYO, Glenn C., Corp., Butte

NEBRASKA

DONHAM, Perry J., Pfc, Omaha
SCHULTE, Antone R., Pfc, Wausa
TRUEBLOOD, T. D., Sgt., Gordon
ZEMPEL, Allen M., Corp., Page

NEW JERSEY

CLARKE, T. W., Capt., Cranford
ELLHOF, Robert A., Pfc, Trenton
GUENTER, William F., Pfc, Butler
LAGERVELD, Richard J., Pfc, Paterson
LEEMAN, Henry A., Jr., Pfc, Orange
MESEROLL, Harry C., Pfc, Union
SANDFORD, James E., Pfc, Trenton
YOUNG, Edward F., Pfc, Laurelton

NEW MEXICO

CHINO, Lawrence A., Corp., Acomita
ROYBAL, Eduardo D., Pfc, Santa Fe
GACO, Max Santiago, Sgt., Paguate
LUJAN, Sevedeo, Jr., Corp., Espanola

NEW YORK

BATTEN, Reginald J., Pfc, Kew Gardens
BRISKIE, R. E., Sgt., New Rochelle
BURNS, Peter E., Corp., Albany
CLARK, Ronald A., Corp., Staten Island
FRIEND, Alexander S., Pfc, Brooklyn
GRIFFING, Bruce A., Corp., Poughkeepsie
LOUGHRAN, Walter J., Jr., Pfc, Sea Cliff
MADDEN, Thomas M., Pfc, Brooklyn
MURPHY, Thomas H., Corp., New York
NOZICK, Walter, Pfc, Brooklyn
PASSANTINE, Joseph W., Jr., Pfc, Jamaica
ROGERS, Sydney M., Jr., 1stLt., Scarsdale
SEATON, E. P., Pfc, Mayville
SPARK, Michael M., 1stLt., New York
STEINBERG, R. A., Pfc, Monticello
SWEET, Herbert J., MSgt., Troy
TRACEY, Francis W., Jr., Pfc, New York
ULLMANN, William, SSgt., New York
ZABOROWSKI, Zigmunt, Corp., Mount Vernon

NORTH CAROLINA

ETHERIDGE, Marion M., Jr., 2ndLt., Beaufort
RAY, William D., Sgt., Roanoke Rapids

NORTH DAKOTA

GUTTORMSON, Oscar B., Pfc, Litchville

OHIO

BARNES, R. V., Pfc, Lockland
MONTI, William J., Sgt., Defiance
PIATT, Bobby G., Corp., Canton
WRIGHT, Robert L., Corp., South Charleston

OKLAHOMA

BENDER, Allen E., HM3, Tulsa
ECHOHAWK, Myron D., Corp., Pawnee
GILARDI, Robert W., Capt., Oklahoma City
ROBERTS, John E., Pfc, Capron
SEWELL, Charles A., 2ndLt., Marietta

OREGON

HAYES, Robert R., Pfc, Portland
MONROE, John R., Pfc, Salem

PENNSYLVANIA

BANKEY, G. V., Pfc, Daisytown
FRALIC, William P., Pfc, Pittsburgh
GANOPULOS, M. G., Corp., Homestead
JACOBSEN, Harold N., Jr., Pfc, Stroudsburg
KOFFLER, Robert W., Corp., Pittsburgh
MILLER, Walter G., Corp., Philadelphia
MINER, J. W., Corp., Harrisburg
SERENKA, J. E., Jr., Sgt., West Homestead
STEELEY, G. T., Pfc, Chester
VETROSKY, G. A., Corp., Allentown

RHODE ISLAND

WOODWARD, D. M., Pfc, Wickford

SOUTH CAROLINA

LEE, George E., Corp., Spartanburg
MULLINAX, Randolph W., Sgt., Greenville

TENNESSEE

GRIGGS, William, Jr., Sgt., Nashville

TEXAS

ALVERSON, Clayton J., Sgt., Dallas
DANFORD, John F., Pfc, Irving
DAVIS, Dewey L., Pfc, Lubbock
CALHOUN, Cecil A., Corp., Moody
COPESS, Clarence A., Pfc, Kress
FOULDS, Robert R., Pfc, Somerville
GUERRA, Abel, Corp., Corpus Christi
HAMBLEN, James W., Jr., Sgt., Dallas
HAWKINS, George A., Corp., Graham
MILES, B. J., Pfc, Waco
MULLINS, Marvelle W., Corp., Henderson
NICHOLS, Herschel A., Pfc, Quanah
PASLEY, R. L., Pfc, Dallas
RIOJAS, Erasmo N., HM3, Laredo
STOVALL, Charlie W., Sgt., Beaumont
WADE, William H., Pfc, El Paso
WARREN, Stephen G., Capt., Corpus Christi

VIRGINIA

JOHNSON, Robert G., Pfc, Glade Springs
LOWE, D. R., Corp., Cedar Bluff
PARSON, Leroy, Pfc, Portsmouth
PRESLEY, Clarence A., HM3, Council

WASHINGTON

BANKS, George O., Pfc, Opportunity
BENSON, Robert S., Sgt., Seattle
GEORGE, G. M., Corp., Tacoma
HARRISON, R. L., Sgt., Wenatchee
HEBER, Rolland W., Pfc, Spokane

WEST VIRGINIA

POWELL, H. C., Pfc, Iaeger
SKEETER, Tommy R., Pfc, St. Albans

WISCONSIN

FRUTH, Marvin J., Pfc, Madison
HALVERSON, R. J., Pfc, Elk Mound
JACOBSON, Daniel R., Corp., Viroqua
LANGLOIS, Richard J., Pfc, Marinette
LaREAU, Albert R., Pfc, Morrisonville
REITER, R. J., Corp., Pardeeville

CORRECTION

BRONCZEWSKI, L. L., Corp., Plymouth, Pa., was erroneously reported wounded. He is in duty status.

END

MAIL CALL

[*continued from page 15*]

Corp. W. Sester, Marine Corps Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Whs. 8, Barstow, Calif., wishes to contact Corp. Floyd J. Barsdorf.

° ° °

Corp. John J. Szelowski, "G" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Sgt. Robert L. Jars.

° ° °

L. Nichols, 333 Parkview Terrace, Apt. 3, Oakland, Calif., wishes to contact Marine Dennis D. Dade.

° ° °

Former Marine Eddy J. Desilets, 1051 County St., Fall River, Mass., wishes to hear from 1st Lt. Radick, MSgt. Robert Robinson and buddies he served with at Messhall 16-M, Camp J. H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif.

Mrs. Nancy Harwell, 816 Park Drive, Bakersfield, Calif., would like to contact anyone who served with her son, Pfc Otis M. Harwell, "C" Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported killed in Korea Nov. 28, 1950.

° ° °

John Zinner, 1015 E. Kentucky St., Louisville 4, Ky., would like to contact anyone who served with his son, Pfc Laurence J. Zinner, reported killed in action at Seoul Sept. 25, 1950, while serving with "G" Co., 3rd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Former Marine William J. Dunar, 23 Orton Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., wishes to contact Corp. Robert Walz. They served together in "A" Co., 1st Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div., in Korea.

° ° °

SSgt. Karl W. Jenkins, USMC Recruiting Station, Duluth, Minn., wishes to hear from Sgt. Ronald J. Robinson who formerly served with "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Marines 1st Mar. Div., in Korea.

° ° °

Edgar Melia, Route 2, Ellicott City, Md., would like to hear from Pfc Henson of Chicago, Ill., formerly with "I" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div. in Korea.

° ° °

Mrs. Kathryn Coyle, 321 N. Irving St., Allentown, Pa., wishes to hear from friends of her son, Corp. John R. Venditto, reported killed in action Jan. 10, in Korea.

° ° °

Corp. Robert C. Peck, Basic School, MCS, Quantico, Va., wishes to contact Van Atherton, HM2, who served as Corpsman with 1st Plt., "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div. in Sept., 1950.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75)

CUBA

[*continued from page 33*]

seamanship. A long line of small boat coxswains have been graduated, through the years, by the Guantanamo Marines Today, when most of the Marines in the world are merely passengers in small craft, the Guantanamo men are perfecting their deep water abilities. The colonel has a swift, shining gig that is second only to one other personnel craft on the station. The Marines have two liberty launches and several smaller pleasure craft housed in a clean, polished, shipshape boatshed. A corporal is NCOIC.

While the Marines make a policy of looking after their own on the base, the relations between the Navy and Marines are of a superior nature, another reason why duty isn't hyper-arduous. Commander of the station is trim, suave Admiral Marion Emerson Murphy, an old and expert hand at handling the problems of large Navy establishments.

Housing is better both for Navy and Marine dependents than it is at almost any other foreign station. This doesn't mean ideal or more than adequate. The Marines have Staff NCO homes for the senior members of the command. They are excellent quarters, but you wait your turn. A very good school is located on the station, along with commissary and super-market type PXs. Prices are reasonable and people who are fortunate enough to own deep freeze cabinets buy their meats in bulk at a price that is unbelievably low. Cigarettes, sea stores, are eight cents a pack.

Packaged spirits vary in price from $1.15 to $1.60 a fifth, or across the bar in the clubs for 25 cents a mix. The native beer, *hatooey*, is excellent. There is a redskin on the label facing to port and after three drafts of the stuff he looks you right in the eye.

Poor roads straggle through the flat lands on the eastern end of the island where sugar cane fields abound and the tightly packed jade green stalks stretch for miles across the landscape. The low tidal land near the shore line is utilized for salt beds and the brilliant Indies sun sharply points up the color contrast making a newcomer blink his eyes. Rains are infrequent and this portion of Cuba has many times felt the parchness of long droughts.

Taking your own transportation to Cuba isn't a bad idea. The roads outside of the compound are rough and they'll beat a new auto to pieces in short order, but the highways inside the base are fair and an automobile is a convenience in getting around the station. Many of the men own older model cars which they've bought on their arrival from departing hands. These serve the purpose as well as a late model car. Motor scooters are increasingly popular with the heartier adventurers and the prices, either new or second hand, are about the same as in the States.

The station newspaper, *The Indian* duly records the weekly base happenings and a special column is devoted to the doings of the Marines. In addition there is a daily news sheet, the *Papoose* which fills readers in on the scoop at world level. The Marines have their own columnists. In the past year Sergeant Thomas P. Palmer and Sergeant John V. Mumford have divided up this extra curricular chore. A check of their columns reveals the names of every arrival and departure in the Marine command and the latest scores of whatever sport is in season. Promotions and dances at the Privates' Club always get big write-ups. These columns make excellent souvenir pieces.

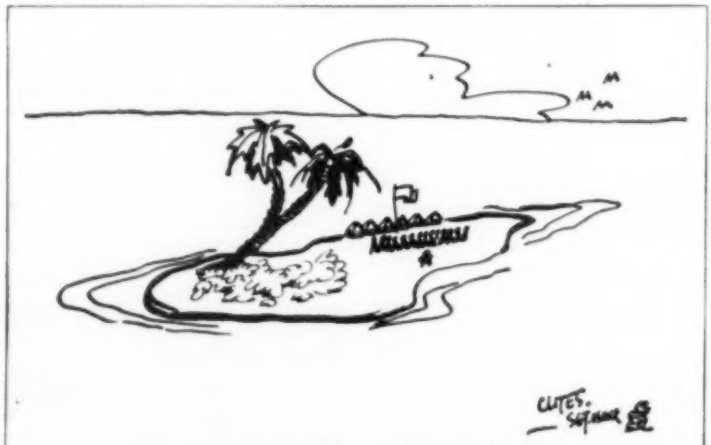
Col. Hough and the executive officer, Lieutenant Colonel Donn J. Robertson, are on deck for all sports contests and barracks parties. The year's biggest event is the Marine Corps Birthday which attains the stature of a combination Mardi-Gras and New Year's celebration. Weeks of spare time planning and decorating go into the effort. The officer who falls heir to handling all these extra events, runs his own duties and works about 12 hours per day, is affable, First Lieutenant James P. Kelly. The other officers on the post are equally busy, Lieutenant William Carr paces Kelly most of the time in the training and extra duty departments.

Senior NCO and another candidate for busiest man in the Marine Barracks is Sergeant Major James M. Garvey who checks all post doings in addition to his regular activities in the administration building. There are many others like the elected officials of the Privates' Club, Corporal James Watson and Corporal Elwin Fay and Mess Sergeants Thomas R. Oliver and William H. Gilbert who contribute extra time and effort to keep the post running evenly.

Warm traditions and customs have evolved as a result of the efforts of the commanding officer, his staff and troops. When a man completes a tour at Guantanamo all the officers and NCOs who can be spared from their duties go down to the pier and see him properly off to his new station. When a married family arrives at Guantanamo they find, when they enter their quarters, a meal is set for them, the ice box is full and the house clean and ready for occupancy. Credit for this is due to the ladies on the station.

One other item which deserves thoughtful consideration is the food served in the mess hall. Of course the Marines do their own baking, make their own ice cream and serve milk that tastes like the Stateside variety, but these aren't the only reasons why the chow is better than most places. The post operates its own truck farm—to be sure of getting fresh vegetables. In addition they keep their own chickens.

The next time you hear a trooper say he wishes he could draw duty at Guantanamo—you'll know why! **END**



"... and to celebrate the occasion, the old man is givin' ya liberty 'til 2200"

Leatherneck Magazine

MAIL CALL

[*continued from page 73*]

Former Marine Henri R. Mathieu, 853 Main St., Willimantic, Conn., would like to contact buddies who went through Boot Camp at Parris Island with Plt. 859, 13th Bn., in November, 1943.

* * *

Sgt. John H. Fullan, MCATS, MCAS, Quantico, Va., wishes to hear from anyone who served with Sgt. William E. Goodling, reported killed in action in Korea May 29, 1951.

* * *

Mrs. D. L. Hemphill, Jr., Route 2, Box 60, Philadelphia, Miss., wishes to hear from any Marines, or their families, who served with her husband, Pfc Dearl Leon Hemphill, Jr., reported missing in action in Korea Dec. 2, 1950, while serving with "F" Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

* * *

Miss Frances L. England, Easton, Ill., wishes to contact Corp. Henry L. Miller who formerly served at MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

* * *

Corp. Mackmickle Park, Ward D-2, USNH, Portsmouth, Va., would like to hear from buddies he served with in "H" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div. in Korea during September-December, 1950.

* * *

Miss Agnes Gilday, 9364 Navarre, Detroit 14, Mich., wishes to contact Pfc Thomas Sheppard who formerly served at Camp J. H. Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif. or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Pfc Robert Schuchman, MB, NS, Treasure Island, San Francisco, Calif., would like to hear from Marine Oscar Rojas of Florida or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Sgt. Ralph Salomone, (Ret.), Ward 5E, V. A. Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to hear from anyone who served with him in 4.2 Mortar Co., 5th Marines, 1st Prov. Marine Brigade.

* * *

Mrs. J. H. Fairchild, Salyersville, Ky., wishes to hear from Pfc Edward C. Stewart of New York who formerly served in Yokosuka, Japan.

* * *

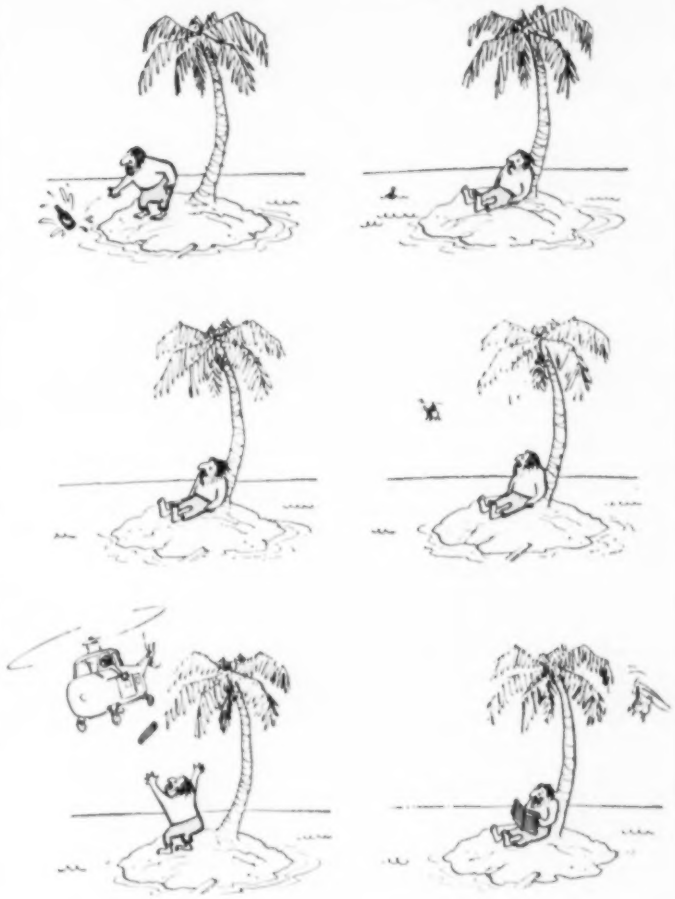
Pfc N. L. Sotiropoulos, MB, Naval Annex, Point Loma 6, Calif., wishes to contact Marine W. G. Wadle who served at Point Loma until December, 1951.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Estwick, Sr., 24 Mt. Hope Ave., Dover, N. J., would like to hear from anyone who knew their son, Corp. Thomas Estwick, listed as missing in action at the Chosin Reservoir area on Dec. 3, 1950. He served with "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

END

CHANGE OF ADDRESS



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THE NAVY CROSS

". . . for extraordinary heroism . . ."

"Gold Star in lieu of . . . award . . ."

Brig. Gen. Lewis B. Puller (5th award)
LtCol. Raymond L. Murray (2nd award)

THE NAVY CROSS (First Award)

LtCol. Allan Sutter
LtCol. Robert D. Taplett
Capt. Benjamin S. Read
1stLt. Loren R. Smith
MSgt. Dale L. Stropes

SILVER STAR MEDALS

". . . for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity against the enemy . . ."

"Gold Star in lieu of the second Silver Star is awarded to . . ."

Sgt. Anthony Pitts

SILVER STAR MEDALS (First Award)

LtCol. Foster C. La Hue
LtCol. Robert K. Mc Clelland
LtCol. Wilbur F. Meyerhoff
Major Thomas F. Cove, Jr.
Major Harry L. Givens, Jr.
Capt. Anthony D. Anton
Capt. William C. Parker, Jr.
Capt. Stone W. Quillian
Capt. George A. Rhemon
Capt. Otis R. Waldrop
1stLt. William E. Kerrigan
1stLt. William K. Rockey
1stLt. Robert H. Uskurait
2ndLt. Wendall C. Endsley (Posthumous)
2ndLt. Thomas L. Mc Veigh
TSgt. Leo J. Kubiak
TSgt. Dale L. Stropes
SSgt. Mike Flores
SSgt. Raymond H. Kellogg
SSgt. Robert A. Mc Cormick
SSgt. Stanley Wawszyniak
Sgt. Anthony M. Coppucci
Sgt. Joseph F. Covello
Sgt. Leo G. Nockerts
Sgt. Eugene Smith
Sgt. Anthony Zacharia
Corp. Glenn L. Bollinger
Corp. William G. Buesing, Jr.
Corp. Alphonso M. Gallinis
Corp. Robert E. Graham, Jr.
Corp. Donald E. Guard
Corp. Ronald L. Hamby
Corp. David E. Ingrom
Corp. Charles L. Keyes
Corp. Douglas R. Manning
Corp. Donald H. Nottingham
Corp. Herbert H. Sagraves
Corp. Nolan H. Snelling (Posthumous)
Corp. Benton F. Wilson
Pfc Marlyn J. Bateman
Pfc Roy B. Bates
Pfc Harry R. Bower
Pfc James L. Churchich
Pfc James L. Cook
Pfc Gaspar Eldridge
Pfc David R. Gelb
Pfc Bernard P. Hietko
Pfc William Q. O'Daniel
Pfc Ronald Porreca
Pfc Ronald G. York

LEGION OF MERIT

". . . for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the Government of the United States . . ."

LtCol. Donald R. Kennedy
LtCol. Robert K. Mc Clelland

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

". . . for heroism while participating in aerial flights in the Korean Theatre . . ."

"Gold Star in lieu of . . . award . . ."

Major Arnold A. Lund (4th award)
Major Floyd G. Phillips (4th award)
Major Samuel Richards, Jr. (4th award)
Capt. James K. Johnson (4th award)
1stLt. Richard D. Williamson (4th award)
Major Robert E. Johnson (3rd award)
Capt. Earle P. Carey (3rd award)
Capt. Robert J. Graham (3rd award)
Capt. William J. Halligan (3rd award)
Capt. Charles A. House (3rd award)
Capt. James C. Jewell (3rd award)
Capt. Robert J. Lynch (3rd award)
1stLt. John Browne (3rd award)
1stLt. Sidney Fisher (3rd award)
1stLt. Tracy N. Johnson (3rd award)
1stLt. William L. Hall (3rd award)
1st Lt. Eldon C. Stanton (3rd award)
1stLt. Joseph L. Wasser (3rd award)
2ndLt. Doyle H. Cole (3rd award)
MSgt. Richard T. Rodd, Jr. (3rd award)
TSgt. Martin I. Frederick, Jr. (3rd award)
Major Frank W. Stuhlman (2nd award)
Capt. Alymer R. Barnum (2nd award)
Capt. Ernest A. Buford, Jr. (2nd award)
Capt. Edward F. Ganschow (2nd award)
Capt. Eugene J. Pope (2nd award)
1stLt. Darrell N. Smith (2nd award)
MSgt. Gordon R. Mc Feely (2nd award)
MSgt. James W. Snyder (2nd award)

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (First Award)

Major William K. Dobbins
Capt. John E. Barnett
Capt. Leslie W. Bays
Capt. Charles A. Broudy
Capt. John W. Lincoln
Capt. Eugene J. Pope
1stLt. Robert L. Dahlberg
1stLt. Weldon R. Mitchell
1stLt. Vance L. Yount, Jr.
2ndLt. Robert A. Walker

BRONZE STAR MEDAL

". . . for heroic achievement . . ."

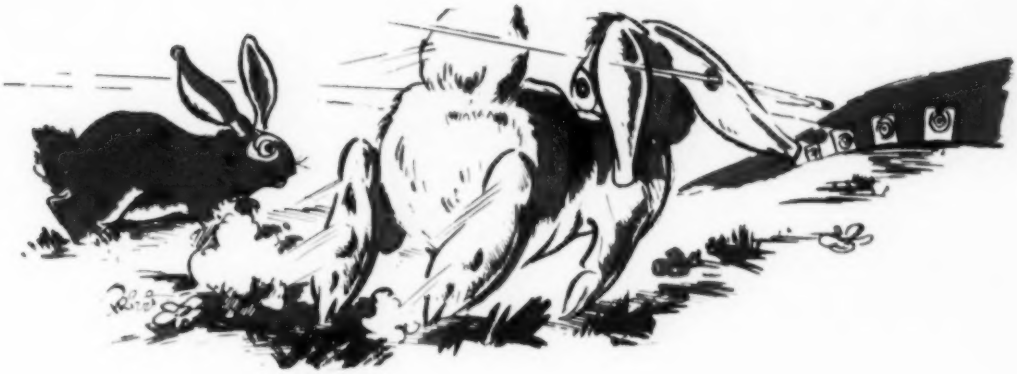
"Gold Star in lieu of second Bronze Star Medal is awarded to . . ."

1stLt. Wilber N. Herndon

BRONZE STAR MEDAL (First Award)

LtCol. Thomas L. Ridge
Major Harlen E. Hood
Major Wade W. Larkin
Major Norman A. Miller, Jr.
Capt. Charles D. Dawkins, Jr.
Capt. Lawrence C. Norton
Capt. John A. Pearson
Capt. Douglas D. Petty
1stLt. John F. Crowley
1stLt. James H. Honeycutt
1stLt. Joseph Koler, Jr.
1stLt. Chester J. Krist
1stLt. David D. Poppin
1stLt. Floyd H. Waldrop
1stLt. James E. Williams
2ndLt. William P. Finch
2ndLt. Bruce C. Ogilvie
MSgt. William E. Day
TSgt. Robert E. Martin
SSgt. Jimmie G. Dampier
SSgt. Donald S. Foster
SSgt. Perry G. Kirby
SSgt. John Somo, Jr.
Sgt. Carrol P. Bland
Sgt. Donald E. Hoff
Sgt. Patrick E. Donahue
Sgt. Chester E. Hansen, Jr.
Sgt. James B. Johnson
Sgt. Murdo A. Maclennan
Sgt. Israel Maurice
Sgt. Patrick J. Mc Waide
Sgt. Chester V. Metje
Sgt. Donald M. Sawochka
Corp. Anthony J. De Masi
Corp. Vernon V. Duffy
Corp. Joseph C. Hammel, Jr.
Corp. Edwin F. Jackson
Corp. William C. Jewell
Corp. Armando V. Ortega
Corp. Michael Pavick
Corp. Victor A. Perry
Corp. Richard A. Suarez
Pfc Edward R. Beltran
Pfc James F. Brown
Pfc Dominic A. Fiorano
Pfc Joseph H. Golden
Pfc Miguel G. Gusman
Pfc Lee D. Hart
Pfc Charles Mouse
Pfc Louis H. Tilley
Pfc Theodore Tracy
Pfc Robert Verardi
Pvt. Kenneth N. Carder

"What's all the shooting about?"



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Watch for . . .

— announcement of the winners of the first quarterly contest, ending March 31, 1952.

. . . In the MAY Issue of the LEATHERNECK

SOUND OFF

[*continued from page 9*]

SATISFIED PARENT

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for reminding me to renew my subscription to the *Leatherneck*.

My son enlisted in the Corps a year ago today on his 17th birthday. While he was at Parris Island he bought a year's subscription to the *Leatherneck* as a gift to his Dad and me.

I can't begin to tell you how much *Leatherneck* has done for me. I read it from cover to cover every month. It has helped me to get to know the Corps and finally to understand the challenge presented to my son to try to qualify as a Marine and his pride at being accepted.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Eric W. Frenck
2310 Valentine Ave.
Bronx 58, New York

● *Pride in their Corps prompts many Marines to send* Leatherneck *home to their folks. We try to fill it with the information your boy would like to put into his letters.—Ed.*

BUNKER HILL

Editor of the *Leatherneck:*

In regard to your article in a recent issue of *Leatherneck* concerning Bunker Hill:

In this article you made no mention of Easy Company, Second battalion, First Marines.

On the morning of September 13, 1951, Easy Company passed through elements of the Seventh Marines. Our mission was to secure hill 749. We accomplished our mission after an eight hour fire fight, during which we suffered more than 160 casualties.

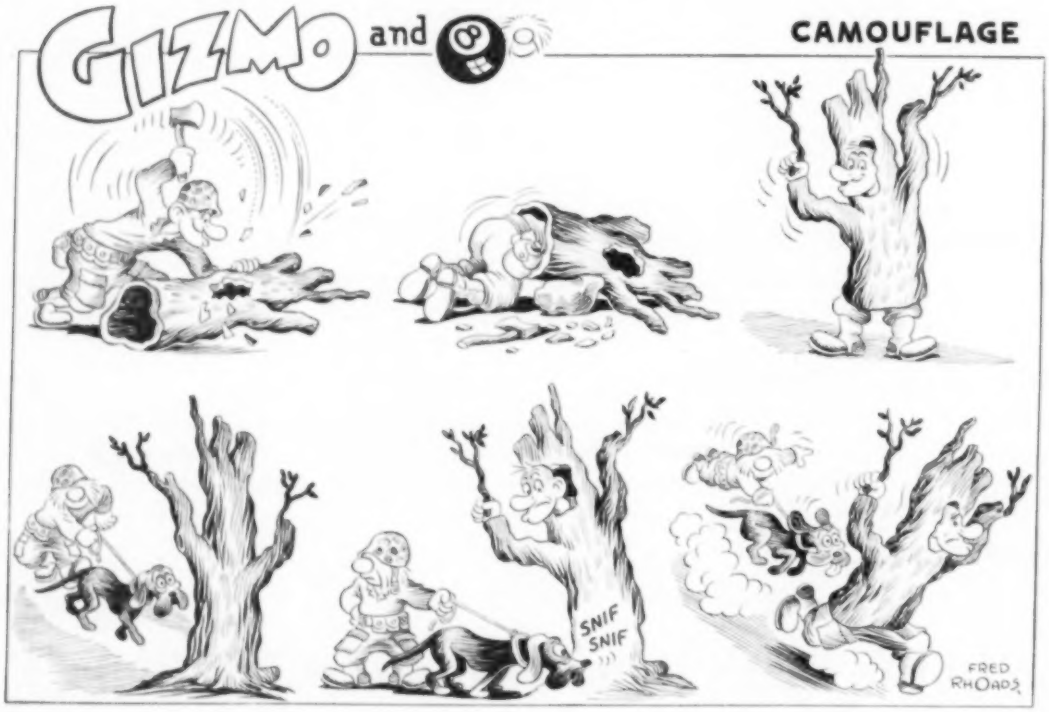
True, we only managed to secure the approach and the area a little over the ridgeline but it was a Herculean task.

We take no credit away from Fox Company at all. They did a great job after they passed through us, however we of Easy Company think it unfair to our dead and wounded that Easy Company received no recognition for a job well done.

Pfc R. Rieger
Corp. B. C. Miller
Corp. R. C. Keserick
Pfc William R. Kelly
Pfc W. W. Knoblock, Jr.
Pfc J. L. Hansford
Corp. Shelton D. King
Corp. Joe D. Kizer
Pfc Jimmy Tadlock
Pfc Gary C. Jarvis
Pfc Herbert J. Martin
Pfc Paul A. McGowan
Corp. Harry A. Knowles
Corp. Wayne W. Kingery
Sgt. Robert L. Hughes
Co"E", 2dBn., 1st Marines
1stMarDiv., FMF
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *We hope that in some small way the publication of this letter will give the members of Easy Company, your dead and wounded the credit you deserve. We did not slight your company purposely. In covering "Bunker Hill" our correspondent was in the area occupied by "Fox" company and naturally wrote his story around that phase.—Ed.*

END



Books REVIEWED

HOLD BACK THE NIGHT. By Pat Frank. Fiction. Lippincott Price $3.00

When Dog Company was assigned the task of providing flank protection for the regiment, most of the men suspected that they would have a bitter, cold fight on their hands. But on their fighting withdrawal from the Changjin Reservoir to Hungnam, the company provided that flank protection when they had little left but a weapon each and a will to live. Few of the exhausted, famished survivors had realized the extent to which their material and spiritual resources would be drained before they reached the safety of the beach. Nor did anyone reckon with Captain Sam Mackenzie and his bottle of Scotch.

For realism in the story, author Pat Frank stated that he multiplied his WWII Army experiences in Italy by 10. Actually, he has mirrored to a fine degree the drama of a hard fighting Marine company in a bitter running fight to the Korean coast.

The book entertains in an engrossing manner. It doesn't psychoanalyze its characters; it carries no great message as such; it just tells the story of Dog company. But it has reader wallop that is likely to put it on the best seller list.

Lieut. Claude R. Lewis

RED CHINA'S FIGHTING HORDES. By LtCol. Robert B. Rigg. Non-Fiction. Military Service Publishing Company Price $3.75

"We must know those we oppose," remarked canny General Fu Tso-yi to Lt. Col. Robert B. Rigg, author of *Red China's Fighting Hordes*, during the latter's visit to the General's headquarters when he was leading the Nationalist stand in North China against the Communists.

This is the essential purpose of Colonel Rigg's 350-page book, recently released by the Military Service Publishing Company, and it is doubtful if a more fascinating, thorough work on the potentialities, history and build-up of the Chinese Communist Armies exists outside of the locked security in the Pentagon.

Colonel Rigg spent the turbulent years of 1945-48 as an assistant military attache in China, but his book doesn't drop the reader there, it goes on to analyze the fighting in Korea and explain why the almost primitively equipped Red hordes have failed in some respects, yet have still managed to stalemate the combined United Nations forces on that shattered peninsula.

What's life like in the Red's People's Liberation Army? Here are some facts taken from the colonel's book—

Monthly Pay

Private: 41 cents (actually 16,000 Communist dollars) plus a vegetable allowance of 3 cents a month.

NCO or junior officer: 52 cents.

Battalion commander: 84 cents.

Regimental commander: $1.18 (US).

Division commander: $1.30 (US).

Staff officers are paid according to rank, but get a "feast allowance" (for entertainment) in addition.

Rations

In his usual two meals a day the soldier eats:

31.2 ounces of rice (Northern soldiers get millet instead).

1.4 ounces of meat.

10.0 ounces of vegetables.

Unlimited water, but very little real tea.

Messing

The average enlisted man eats in the "Little Stove", or third class mess.

Invalids and combat-distinguished enlisted men eat in the second class mess.

Officers eat in the "Big Stove" or first class mess. They get better quality food than the enlisted men.

Uniforms

Soldiers get one for summer, one for winter—both worn until the patches wear out. New style uniforms have been issued only to a small number of troops.

Officers get reissues more easily.

The Red Air Force has new uniforms throughout.

Period of Service

No announced plan. Death or wounds are the only certain discharges from service.

Discipline

Very strict. The soldier is watched even for his opinions. Reckless driving of a vehicle can merit death.

Privileges

Very few. The average private cannot get married. A soldier is fortunate if he gets a furlough every two years.

* * *

While the facts of military life in the Chinese Red Army are pretty sordid, this Army, in the span of seven years, has emerged from the caves of Yenan (where a handful of bitter, hard-core Reds had been forced to retreat) to engulf all of the Chinese mainland and challenge the armed might of the United Nations. In his book, Colonel Rigg explains how this came about. "Old China Hands" in the Corps might dispute one or two minor points, but the over-all picture in the book is concise and well described, it also points up some not too well known reasons for the Marines' piecemeal withdrawal from North China.

The author dwells at length on the top leaders in the PLA, their military background and capabilities. This may bore the reader in spots, but it is necessary to study these dedicated men to understand why the Red Army grew to be a potent fighting force directly opposed to democratic armed might.

Red China's Fighting Hordes should be studied by all professional fighting men and be required reading in all replacement drafts.

TSgt. Robert W. Tallent

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